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THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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STAR GAZERS

By F. R. Higgins

I.

FROM the grey east
Through night, noon and the evening,
Into the west
They followed a blue flame ;
Like kingfisher's wings
It went, as it was leading
These—the wise kings
From lands without a name.

II.

Whitely it stood
Beyond a moulding townland,
And over the wooden
Green dwellings of the poor,
Till with the dewfall
It quietly slid down, and
Shone, as a jewel,
On the brow of a door.

III.

There with no din,
 On floorings of cool rushes,
 The wise kings went in—
 And from an ingle bed
 A young woman smiled,
 As proudly in her blushes
 She breasted a child,
 And on a dream he fed.

IV.

Down on that floor
 These served him on the knee, when
 Each gave him their store's
 Untouchable delights
 Gemmed like a seaboard
 And scents preserved from Eden—
 Gifts, the cold sword
 Brought through Arabian nights.

V.

So they arose
 But, O, their stir had opened—
 Out of his doze—
 Eyes fresh from other worlds,
 Eyes holding each mind
 Till each saw that below them,
 Upon hell's dead wind,
 The white flag was unfurled.

VI.

From the green west,
 As out of an aurora,
 Into the east
 These wise kings picked their way;
 Close as God's gossips
 They went; and now our skylines
 Are hail stoned with stars
 That tell—ah, who can say?

GLENASMOLE

(The Valley of the Thrushes)

By Oliver Gogarty

Do you remember that thrush in Glenasmole
In the high lane on the West side where I made the engine
stop ;

When he perched across the roadway as if demanding toll :
So well within his rights was he, he would not even hop ?

That thrush is the owner of all Glenasmole,
From its mild bends to the river by the purple-stemmed
rose bushes,
For the men who had the giving of such names when life
was whole,
Called Glenasmole, as it is still, the Valley of the Thrushes.

There is not one of all the throng of giant men surviving,
The men who dwelt with magic, apple-cheeked and steady-
eyed,
But the thrush whose happy armour was their love of song
is living,
And he sings the song unaltered that he sang before they died.

Strong is the delicate line of generations—
Two thousand songs unbroken—of the thrushes in the glen ;
But two thousand years cannot restore the mighty exul-
tations
Of men whose manhood would be now incredible to men !

Song under leaf by the water in the valley !
Bird's throat distended : for the men of old who died
Left a fame beyond all language in the music of their ally,
In the throbbing song out-shaken of the bird with bosom
pied.

Over there behind the river and the ridge is Bohernabreena,
The Road House by the road that runs beside a vanished
Inn ;

I can see it like a window opened clearly in the saga
Of the ancient battle ambush that no chivalry could win.

When the Lochlann galleys raided and consumed the kingly
hostel

Where the chieftains sat in silence by their spears in water
cooled,

What happened ? Oh what happened ? Can the soft notes
of the throstle

Tell of how the golden heroes in their chivalry were fooled ?

Far though they may be from us, forget not that the bushes,
The wild rose with its dull white thorns, the hedges and the
stream

Are as near unto our longing in the Valley of the Thrushes,
As in the glens of any hills that neighbour near to dream.

Wings that fly low for a moment in the twilight ;
Kings undisturbed by the blaze and battle roll ;
Bloom in the seed, the song in egg, the grey light
And glory hidden deeply in the Vale of Glenasmole !

MARINE PIECE

By Francis Hackett

From Wicklow in the throb of dawn
I walked out to the sea alone
And by the black rocks came upon
A being from a world unknown.

As proud she sate as any queen
On high, and naked as the air :
Her limbs were lustrous, and a sheen
Of sea-gold flowed from her flown hair.

And as the spreading sea did swell
With the dawn's strange and brimming peace
Her little breasts arose and fell
While she sate combing at her ease.

Faint was the sea-sound that she made
Of little waves that melt in sand
While with her honey hair she played
And arched the mirror in her hand.

I watched her lift her head and glance,
Then lean away with grace divine.
I stood enraptured till in chance
Within the glass her gaze met mine.

No eyes had ever such a look
As then I saw in her free eyes.
They dwelt in mine. Mine they took
With wonder and with no surprise.

The morning as a crystal cup
 Held us within the sky and sea.
 My heart was molten. I gave up
 My soul as she looked deep on me.

"I love the soul within you." Thus
 I spoke to her. "Sea woman, come.
 "Come as this morning dawns for us.
 "This human land shall be your home."

She answered only with a moan
 That I shall hear unto my grave,
 And in a single flash was gone
 And lost forever in the wave.

LAETITIA SIGHS

By Blanaid Salkeld

(1).

THIS hour old spectral kings sway slow and peer.
 Into this windy desolate hiding place,
 I ran for refuge from a pallid face
 That once set red and blue flames for my cheer.
 Life henceforth I refuse : an exile here,
 I watch sage dynasties fill up cold space.
 Long-bearded king, ancient, severe of pace,
 What prince has sprung from you ? Since I'm past fear,
 Whisper into my heart forgotten speech,
 Till I have living syllables unlearned—
 Forgetting voice that glowed a star of flame,
 Or icy distance.

Sudden tempest's screech
 Baffles my senses. I am whirled and turned
 Round my own soul, will-less, and with no name.

(2).

At Roncesvalles, in crowded vale of death,
 To blow his horn knight Roland would not deign ;
 In silence dared unsuccoured war sustain ;
 Sounded the horn but with his dying breath.
 Our well-loved forests lose their mossy sheath,
 Their foliage,—come Spring, to dress again.
 Since forest keeps what season cannot drain
 Nor tempest reave away, why cancel faith ?
 For he, too, cannot change. A casual share
 The wind's haste took—and jealousies complain !
 He is not altered. Chill the glowing sheath—
 His brightness dull—his Summer bides elsewhere ?
 To blow his horn knight Roland would not deign,
 At Roncesvalles, in crowded vale of death.

A.E.

By William M. Clyde.

I.

THE publication of a new volume of poems by A.E. is not regarded as front-page news. It creates no great stir in a world given over to nasal crooning. He is not popular: indeed he is almost unknown in the widest and noisiest circles of society.

If we discover the causes of his comparative obscurity we shall not find one that is creditable to the age we live in. If he demanded in his readers a complete absence of thought, if the anthologists had been kinder to him, if he had surrounded himself with a brass band, or had trodden on the public corns of convention, if Max Beerbohm could have maliciously etched him upside down, the one man on his head in a world that walks on its feet: if he had worn a sunflower in his buttonhole, or been arty and crafty: if he had sat tight on any social or political moving-staircase that was going up, or blared his poems through a megaphone, or done any of the things that turn a man into what most journalists believe to be News, he would have given the public an easy way of placing and identifying him and it would be unnecessary to state that A.E. is George W. Russell, Irish poet, essayist and painter, most virile and visionary of our living poets.

It is not cynicism to say that if he had written a lot of bad poetry, in addition to all that is good, he would have been widely known to-day as a great poet. The absence of bad poetry has militated against his popularity; for often it is a poet's inferior verse that makes him popular. A.E. might have been floated to popular success on an "*I'm to be queen of the May, mother,*" or an "*If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs.*" It might be a good thing to persuade A.E. to write some really bad verse, something that was Robert W. Serviceable or Ethel M. Perfectly Dellish, something that required from the reader no effort of the understanding, no profound knowledge of life, no ear for harmony, no sense of beauty. If A.E. had a publicity agent, Max Beerbohm might have an opportunity of caricaturing the agent going down on his bended knees and beseeching A.E.

to write some bad poetry. It might be good policy. But that opportunity is never likely to come.

Much of A.E.'s poetry is difficult to understand: there is no point in denying it. It is nothing to its discredit. It is not a requisite of good poetry that it should be capable of being immediately apprehended by the average reader. Much of Shakespeare is, at a first reading, difficult to understand—and he was not a metaphysical poet. The metaphysical poet has every reason for the obscurity with which he is often, quite rightly, charged. He is trying to convey in the language of this world the visions, thoughts and beauties of another. For this reason much of A.E.'s poetry is at first difficult to understand; but it survives this test of greatness in poetry, namely, that a patient study of it is richly rewarded.

Herein lies the chief difference between A.E. and, let us say, T. S. Eliot. A.E. reveals glimpses of a Many-Coloured Land, a land of more than human loveliness, lying just beyond the reach of the senses: whereas T. S. Eliot takes us into a waste land, introduces it to us with a mumble of words and leaves us to wonder what it was he said and where on earth we are. *The Waste Land* yields no meaning worth the seeking. Even with the help of the notes which Mr. Eliot has supplied, the reader is still not sure that any meaning that he may have discovered in the poem is not the offspring of his own ingenuity. But take any seemingly obscure passage in A.E.'s poetry, study it carefully, and sooner or later the meaning will begin to shine out of it. There is no ambiguity about it, though the meaning does not lie on the surface. The lazy reader, accustomed not so much to read as to let his eye pass rapidly over the pages, is made to pause and think. Unlike Swinburne, A.E. cannot be read with half a mind, or listened to merely with the ears. He demands a whole mind, nothing less.

For any obscurity that occurs in A.E.'s poetry there is this best of reasons—that he writes of the Many-Coloured Land of whose existence few of us are aware. Let him explain himself; he is his own best commentator:—

“I do not wish to write a book of wonders,” [he says in *The Candle of Vision*], “but rather to bring thought back to the Being whom the ancient seers worshipped as Deity.

I believe that most of what was said of God was in reality said of that Spirit whose body is Earth. I must in some fashion indicate the nature of the visions which led me to believe with Plato that the earth is not at all what the geographers suppose it to be, and that we live like frogs at the bottom of a marsh knowing nothing of that Many-Coloured Earth which is superior to this we know, yet related to it as soul to body. On that Many-Coloured Earth, he tells us, live a divine folk, and there are temples wherein the gods do truly dwell, and I wish to convey, so far as words may, how some apparitions of that ancient beauty came to me in wood or on hillside or by the shores of the western sea."

To use T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* as a means of showing some of the differences between A.E. and the contemporary literature of disillusionment is not mere advocacy. Nor is it unfair to T. S. Eliot, for his *Waste Land* has been the most influential poem of the last decade, and is at once the beginning of the modernistic poetry of disillusionment and its most lauded representative. Thousands know of the *Waste Land* who have never heard of the Many-Coloured Land.

Many readers, not old fogies of literary criticism nor unresponsive to new ideas, have failed to find any meaning in the *Waste Land*—Rebecca West, for example: she said of it:—

"Although that work had a supreme emotional effect it was not easy to guess what Mr. Eliot was disillusioned with, and why. He specifically referred his disillusionment to a contemporary state of discontent, but did nothing to establish the connection, and a scrutiny of his work suggested that what he was suffering from was an eternally recurrent condition, to which he was attaching undue importance because of a false identification. He had mistaken the malaise that comes on most artists before they create for the whole of his creative experience and had restricted both his subject material and his treatment to its limitations. This mistake was able to survive and even put on intellectual airs, because Mr. Eliot pointed for evidence that his was a mood of universal importance to this generation's distaste for life."

The "characters" in the poem are as puzzling as a cinematograph picture shown backwards: they achieve a dissolving kaleidoscopic effect. None has identity for more than a moment. Each one, the instant his outline begins to take shape in the blur, quickly dissolves into somebody else. However, Mr. Eliot has given us a clue. He tells us that the most important "personage" in the poem, although merely a spectator, not a "character," is Tiresias, who "unites all the rest." Just as the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias. What Tiresias *sees*, in fact, is the substance of the poem."

So far, Mr. Eliot. Let us follow his clue. What does Tiresias see? He sees at the "violet hour, the evening hour that strives homeward and brings the sailor home from sea, the typist home at tea time, clears her breakfast, lights her stove, and lays out food in tins." He sees her drying combinations spread out of the window, and the room littered with garments—camisoles, stays, stockings, slippers. (How he manages to see all this and yet remain blind is one of the minor problems of the poem). He is an old hermaphrodite. He foresees the visit which the typist receives from "the young man carbuncular, a small house agent's clerk, one of the low, on whom assurance sits as a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire." She is bored, submits to his love-making, and when he is gone "her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass—Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."—

"When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone."

This is the only part of the poem that strays into coherence for more than a few lines together. It does seem to mean something. Exactly what, it is hard to tell.

If what Tiresias sees is the substance of the poem, then the substance of the poem is what a singularly unpleasant old creature sees. Judged by what he sees, that is to say by what he has an

eye for, he shows to little advantage. To him, the "young man carbuncular" is nothing but carbuncles, inferiority and lust: the typist poor, ill-nourished, untidy, bored, submissive, automatic: the litter in her room that which a queasy, furtive, love-making, mouth-watering old roué might be expected to smirk over. He sees no good thing either in the young man or in the typist or in her room. But then, we must not forget that Tiresias was blind.

Consider the images in the poem. The poem begins with April and lilacs which are of less importance than the dead land that breeds them. Life has no good meaning. The trees are dead, the stones are dry: no water sings over them: the "I" of the poem is neither living nor dead: the Phoenician sailor is at the bottom of the sea—or *has* been, long enough for his eyes to have become pearls. Of his bones ought coral to be made, for he has been lifted bodily from the *Tempest* where, full fathom five, he lay suffering a sea-change into something rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hourly rang his knell—ding-dong bell—and a pleasant submarine sound it was. In the *Waste Land* he is nymph-less, knell-less, coral-less. What was rich and strange has been lost in the transportation.

Here is Philomel, the feathery change having already taken place. Her voice is merely "inviolable"—which may mean no more than that nobody can stop her singing—and her song is merely "jug jug to dirty ears." But why the dirty ears? Are there none but unwashed ears in the *Waste Land*? Is it the land of the unwashed—if we except the garments which the typist hung out of the window to dry? Here at least was some attempt at cleanliness.

There seems to be a game of chess envisaged or anticipated, for the title of one section of the poem is "A Game of Chess." In it there is some talk that seems to have taken place in a pub or in a bedroom—the refrain, "Hurry up please its Time," is the only clue to the Place: it may be the words were spoken at a few minutes to closing time by a publican anxious to keep on the right side of the law, or they may have been spoken by an impatient husband waiting while his wife completed the lengthy process of dressing to go out. The talk, in the intervals between the refrains, is of one, Lil, who carried on with one, Albert, when he was on leave during the war. She misappropriated the money

that he gave her to buy herself a new set of false teeth : and if she has lost her looks and her figure, well, it's her own fault. This section of the poem concludes with the presumably deliberate banality of the lines :—

“Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

Tat ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.”

The Fire Sermon, section three of the poem, begins with a mild presage of poetry : “the last fingers of leaf clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.” The poet feels constrained to remark the absence of litter—there are no empty bottles, no sandwich papers, no cardboard boxes, no cigarette ends. The nymphs have gone, and their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors, departed and left no addresses. But whether it is the loitering heirs or the nymphs that have left no addresses, the syntax of the sentence gives no clue. All that we are certain of is that all, all are gone, and there is no litter. This might have been considered a cause for rejoicing. The exhortations, conveyed through the B.B.C. and the press, that trippers should burn or bury all litter have achieved a success in the Waste Land, if nowhere else. Its inhabitants are to be congratulated. Their ears may be dirty—but at least they do not leave litter, and one garment anyway has been washed !

The “I” of this section of the poem feels a cold blast at his back and hears the rattle of bones and chuckle spread from ear to ear. A rat creeps softly through the vegetation, dragging its slimy belly on the bank. The poet is (or recalls a time when he once was) fishing in a dull canal on a winter evening round behind the gashouse. He seems to have no hope of a catch. He is musing on, or imagining himself to be, a cryptic quotation from the *Tempest*. Again there is the sepulchral motive—white bodies on low damp ground and bones in a garret. Whose, we are not told. Only the rats seem to be acquainted with them.

At his back he hears, not Time's wingèd chariot drawing near,

but the sound of horns and motors—there are no silent zones in the Waste Land. The sound of singing comes to him—

“ O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water . . . ”

At this point Philomel sings again—twit twit twit (her range has increased) and the familiar jug jug jug jug jug.

The rest of the poem is little more than words without syntax and images without coherence.

No living poet has done more than Mr. Eliot to popularise lack of vision and lack of sense in poetry. We think there must be something in his poems because when he writes prose he reveals (what no reader of the *Waste Land* would ever have suspected) that he is not ignorant of the laws of punctuation, of syntax, and even of sense.

The usual explanation of the *Waste Land* is that its irrationality is that of dreams, and, starting from that assumption, a good defence seems possible. It is obviously true that the *Waste Land*, with its fleeting and recurring inchoate images, has some of the qualities of a dream. Unfortunately, the one essential quality is lacking—power to convince of its reality. Dreams, however fantastic they may seem later, have yet the power to convince of their reality whilst they are taking place. The *Waste Land* has none of this power. It is not so much a dream as a disturbance in the subconscious—an eruption of the submerged part of the mind. It is symptomatic of what is inartistic in Modernistic Art. The artist, poet or painter or sculptor, mistakes the overflowing of the subconscious for artistic achievement. The psychic is allowed to obtrude. Hands become swollen, bellies bloated, rational proportions go mad as in an anatomist's nightmare. The discipline of craftsmanship is cast aside.

Such things do not occur in the main stream of literature and art. They occur in small standing ponds that have no tributary connection with the main stream. They present pretty problems (“pretty” is hardly the right word) for the student of aesthetics; but the difficulties of discovering what on earth the artist meant are rarely worth attempting. He has disgorged some raw material, and called it a poem, a painting, a statue. We conclude that his subconscious was in ferment: the mountains have been in labour and have produced, not a *ridiculus mus*,

but several legs, a tail of unnatural length, numerous eyes and other parts which need only to be assembled to look like some lunatic's idea of a mouse. We are no nearer Heaven than we were before, no new planet has swum into our ken, no new territory in the soul has been revealed.

II.

The difficulties in A.E.'s poetry, however, are of a different sort—of a sort to be found only in good poetry. They do not spring from an unruly and obtruding subconsciousness. This does not mean that there is in A.E. a less active psyche than in T. S. Eliot. Psychically, A.E. is much more aware than T. S. Eliot, much more sensitive and his visions are revelations of the Many-Coloured Land, and not mere froggy stirrings of the subconscious at the bottom of the marsh. They have to do with the soul and not with the welter of the unconscious. The obscurity of the *Waste Land* is the obscurity of a psychologist's case-book. Freud might make something of it. Its obscurity is of a fashionable sort.

A.E.'s obscurity, on the other hand, is not fashionable at all. He himself is not for the fashion of these times—though a course of A.E. would do the age a power of good. Removed from its less worthy tastes and fashions, he is, however, not indifferent to the rest of mankind. He is no St. Simeon Stylites squatting on a lofty pillar, pursuing his meditations, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. He has passionately identified himself with his own people, the Irish. Like Milton, when he felt that his country needed him, he turned his energies from poetry to politics. "I considered it disgraceful," said Milton, "that while my fellow countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." As nobly, A.E. threw himself into the service of his country. Like all mystics, he was eminently practical. His gift, developed by his excursions into the Many-Coloured Land, for separating the essential from the inessential, enabled him to serve his country well. Characteristically, he had an eye for the well-being of the individual, the small farmer, the village shop-keeper who was being crushed by the large combines. He worked for co-operation amongst the small traders. He sweated at economics, domestic and practically applied, and he used his

God-given eloquence to combat cut-throat competitiveness, ignorance and indifference. He sought a union of all Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, of North and South. He fought with the fierceness of a man sent from God to prepare the way for the coming of the kingdom—the United Kingdom of Ireland. Every blow told—here is one:

“We are told that our attitude towards England and English things is a departure from the divine law of love. Let us look into the circumstances: a number of our rapidly dwindling race have their backs to a wall, they are making an appeal for freedom, for the right to choose their own ideals, to make their own laws, to govern their own lives according to the God-implanted law within them; seeing everywhere, too, the wreck of their hopes, the supremacy of an alien will,—to such people, striving desperately for a principle which is sacred and eternal, these moral platitudes are addressed . . . We in Ireland would keep in mind our language, teach our children our history, the story of our heroes, and the long traditions of our race which stretch back to God. But we are everywhere thwarted. . . A few ignoramuses have it in their power, and are trying their utmost, to obliterate the mark of God upon a nation. It is not from Shelley or Keats our peasantry derive their mental nourishment, now that they are being cut off from their own past. We see everywhere a moral leprosy, a vulgarity of mind creeping over them. The Police Gazettes, the penny novels, the hideous comic journals, replace the once familiar poems and the beautiful and moving memoirs of classic Ireland. The music that breathed Tir-nan-og and overcame men’s hearts with all gentle and soft emotions is heard more faintly, and the songs of the London music halls may be heard in places where the music of fairy enchanted the elder generations. The shout of the cockney tourist sounds in the cyclopean crypts and mounds once sanctified by druid mysteries, and divine visitations, and passings from the mortal to the immortal. Ireland Limited is being run by English Syndicates. It is the descent of a nation into hell . . .”

Perhaps A.E.’s heaviest blow was that which caught Rudyard Kipling on the point of the chin: Kipling has not yet come to. A.E.’s *Open Letter to Kipling* did for Kipling what G. K. Chester-

ton's poem, "Are they clinging to their crosses," did for F. E. Smith, afterwards Lord Birkenhead—reduced him to Smith minor getting a wiggling from the Headmaster. It did what Osbert Sitwell's poem, the *Winstonsburg Line* ("The *Daily Herald* is unkind . . .") did for Winston Churchill. But the noblest of the three is A.E.'s *Open Letter to Kipling*.

A.E.'s passionate devotion to the ancient culture of Ireland, not any love of the dismal science, drove him to politics. In two sentences he summed up his aim: "I believe the fading hold the heavens have over the world is due to the neglect of the economic basis of spiritual life. What profound spiritual life can there be when the social order almost forces men to battle with each other for the means of existence?"

His love of the ancient culture of Ireland is not that of the antiquarian for fossils. To him, the ancient gods and half-gods are not dead, pressed between the pages of an old book. They mean something to-day:

"The seeds which are sown at the beginning of a race bear their flowers and fruits towards its close; and those antique names which already begin to stir us with their power, Angus, Lu, Deirdre, Finn, Ossian, and the rest, will be found to be each one the symbol of enduring qualities, and their story a trumpet through which will be blown the music of an inexorable justice, the melting power of beauty in sorrow, the wisdom of age, and the longings of the spirit."

He fought for the gods and the half-gods against the imposition of an alien, materialistic culture. His work was practical as well as literary. He had the heart of a lion and could impart courage to his supporters. George Moore described him as "the only man who can distribute courage . . . You're always right, A.E. . . . What an inveterate mystic you are, as practical as St. Teresa . . . You are a cleverer man than I . . ."

And so he was, and is—a mystic who sees further and deeper into the Many-Coloured Land than any of them, yet more practical than any of them and filled with a greater missionary enthusiasm. Even when he was little more than a boy, earning forty pounds a year in an accountant's office, he had tramped miles, though as inadequately shod as Dr. Johnson when he was a College Servitor, in order to address the holiday folk at Bray Head:

"I could hear the tumult, the ecstasy of it all!" [exclaimed George Moore]. "I could see him standing on a bit of a wall, his long thin picturesque figure with grey clothes drooping about it, his arms extended in feverish gesture, throwing back his thick hair from his face, telling the crowd of the sacred places of Ireland, of the Druids of long ago, and their mysteries, and how much more potent these were than the dead beliefs which they still clung to; I could hear him telling them that the genius of the Gael, awakening in Ireland after a night of troubled dreams, returns instinctively to the belief of its former days, and finds again the old inspiration."

A.E. has never, nor ever could have, hid himself amid a crowd of stars. No man knows the stars better or the mountains, his great love. But his visions are for the healing of the nations. If he feels it necessary to do so, he will take his stand on any tub in the market place and preach to the people. He will speak a prose that is unsurpassed in modern English for its liquid and limpid grace, its poetry and pungency. If in his poetry, which is free from propaganda, there is some obscurity, it is our fault for not understanding the language of the gods. He belongs to no mere literary clique or current. For literary cliques and currents "limit the vocabulary of art." He has described a literary movement as "consisting of five or six people who live in the same town and hate each other cordially."

III.

It does less than justice to A.E. to think only, or even first, of his courage and fearlessness. His most important quality is indefinable. He is obviously unconscious of it. To call it the air of Arcady is perhaps to get a little nearer to a definition. It is a quality of his poetry as well as of himself—an exhalation of the atmosphere of the Golden Age. George Moore's description of his first meeting with A.E. comes close to the truth:

"It was just as if somebody had suddenly put his hand into mine and led me away into a young world which I recognised at once as the fabled Arcady that had flourished before man discovered gold, and forged the gold into a ring which gave him power to enslave. "Here is the mind of Corot in verse and prose: the happiness of im-

memorial moments under blossoming boughs, when the soul rises to the lips and the feet are moved to dance. Here is the inspired hour of sunset"; and it seemed to me that the man must live always in this hour, and that he not only believed in Arcady, but that Arcady was always in him. 'While we strive after happiness, he holds it in his hands,' I said . . .

" . . . it seemed clear to me that he was the one who could restore to me my confidence in life; and when he left me, a certain mental sweetness seemed to have gone out of the air, and, thinking of him, I began to wonder if he were aware of his own sweetness. It is as spontaneous and instinctive in him as A breath of scent from the lilac bushes seemed to finish my sentence for me."

What might seem to be contradictions in another man are fused in A.E. into a unison without division. They exist together in him without conflict—his Irish nationalism and his internationalism: his other-worldliness and his opposition to what he calls the "heresy of separateness": his intense love of art, and his belief that man is more important than art: his "Faustian pre-occupation with Infinity," and his unceasing, gentle, courageous concern for the welfare of mankind. He goes to no extremes that might injure the character. He might have been a famous painter. It is not true to say that he might have been a great painter. He *is* a great painter. There have been exhibitions (I believe) of his canvases, but his paintings are rarely seen, for they are not for sale. He will give you one—a priceless treasure—but no art dealer's money-bags could tempt him to part with one. In his youth he was well known in Dublin for his skill with the brush. He needed no lessons—he had none—nor models, for "the gods gave him sittings." "Compared with him," said one of his fellow painters, "we seemed at that time no more than miserable scratchers and soilers of paper." Yet, in spite of his great promise and the fame already his, A.E. laid aside his brushes, determined (says George Moore) "not to pick them up again until he had mastered the besetting temptation that art presented at that moment. He feared it as a sort of self-indulgence which, if yielded to, would stint his life; art with him is a means rather than an end; it should be sought,

for by its help we can live more purely, more intensely, but we must never forget that to live as fully as possible is, after all, our main concern."

All this is characteristic of A.E.'s inspiration which has many parallels in Eastern civilisations, though few in Western. It recalls the example of the Chinese masters who refused to sell their works. Art is not for the market place, to be bartered. As its inspiration came without money and without price, so should it be the gift of friendship, remembrancer of an occasion of friendship. That art is more important than personal gain is the teaching of many a Chinese and Japanese poem. There is a well known Japanese poem (spoken of in Laurence Binyon's *Flight of the Dragon*) which tells how "a girl, coming to draw water from the well in the early morning, found the bucket and rope had been encircled by twining tendrils of convolvulus, which must be broken before water could be drawn. That morning she drew no water from the well, but begged it from a neighbour. Another little poem tells how the poor pilgrim on the road in the April evening stopped beating his bell lest the sound should shake a single petal from the blossoming spring trees."

A.E.—most truly Eastern in this—found his inspiration when he discovered the secret of meditation—the way out of the froggy marsh into the Many-Coloured Land. Before he found it, he went through a period of depression and bitterness that all mystics know. It comes to all men at some time or other when they consider the seeming injustice of being judged and condemned by a Moral Law which they had never promised to obey. We came into the world without our choosing: our consent to the rules of the game of life was not asked. Yet defeat is punishable by death. We are conscripts, not volunteers, and our moral sense tells us that it is unfair that we should be condemned according to rules in the framing of which we had no voice.

With this age-old dilemma A.E.'s spiritual conflict began. On a sudden the gloom departed and there came the realisation that life extended beyond the marsh and that the willing and persistent spirit in man was capable of reaching out into higher levels of consciousness, of attaining to a fuller life where many of these problems might put on a different complexion. The "dog at his heels and the stars he would soon see (for the dusk was gathering) were not different things, but one thing. 'There

is but one life,' he said to himself, 'divided endlessly, differing in degree, but not in kind.' " [George Moore].

From the time of his first delighted discovery of the Upanishads, the Vedas, the Sacred Books of the East, until he was over thirty years of age, A.E. (it is said) rarely read anything else. He seldom looked at a newspaper. His interests were almost exclusively centred in the spiritual world. He came and went between the world of sense and the world of spirit. The sources of his poetry, and of much of his prose too, are not to be found in books. No doubt he has read deeply in Plato, Plotinus and the Sacred Books of the East; but his inspiration has come from his own direct contacts with the other world. He writes what he has seen, what he has heard, himself. His inspiration is the spark at the point of concentration, when Will and Thought are one. It is the way of the yogi, whereby the spirit is withdrawn from the bottom of the marsh into the Many-Coloured Land. A.E. tells us how this withdrawal is achieved. It begins with an effort of concentration, an attempt to stay the mind against the continuous drift of consciousness:

"... I set myself to attain mastery over the will. I would choose some mental object, an abstraction of form, and strive to hold my mind fixed on it in unwavering concentration, so that not for a moment, not for an instant, would the concentration slacken. It is an exercise this, a training for higher adventures of the soul. It is no light labour... Five minutes of this effort will at first leave us trembling as at the close of a laborious day... The heat of this fervent concentration acts like fire under a pot, and everything in our being boils up madly... We have created in ourselves a centre of power and grow real to ourselves. It is dangerous, too, for we have flung ourselves into the eternal conflict between spirit and matter, and find ourselves where the battle is hottest, where the foemen are locked in a death struggle... None would live through that turmoil if the will were the only power in ourselves we could invoke, for the will is neither good nor bad but is power only, and it vitalises good or bad indifferently. If that were all, our labour would bring us, not closer to divine being, but only to a dilation of the personality."

A.E. then explains how meditation begins when the mind is thus controlled. Meditation is a brooding, "the inexpressible yearning of the inner man to go out into the infinite." The Infinite is not mere Space-Time. It is living. "Meditation is a fiery brooding on that majestic Self" (*i.e.*, the Infinite, the living Thing, Spirit, that is our ultimate being). "We conceive ourselves as mirroring Its infinitudes, as moving in all things, as living in all beings, in earth, water, air, fire, æther. We try to know as It knows, to live as It lives, to be compassionate as It is compassionate. We equal ourselves to It that we may understand It and become It . . ."

At first there was no light in the darkness that was behind A.E.'s eyes, as it is behind all men's eyes. He felt baffled, saw nothing, heard nothing: neither thought nor imagination was stimulated. Deserted by dream, vision, and inspiration, he felt that his meditation was barren altogether. He persisted—through weeks, months—then, at last, "the dark caverns of the brain began to grow luminous," the mind was quickened, imagination became vivid, the hour of meditation became a time of discovery in the Many-Coloured Land:

"As our aspiration, so is our inspiration. We imagine It (the living Infinite) as Love, and what a love enfolds us. We conceive of It as Might, and we take power from that Majesty. We dream of it as Beauty, and the Magician of the Beautiful appears everywhere at Its miraculous art, and the multitudinous lovely creatures of Its thought are busy moulding nature and life in their image, and all are hurrying, hurrying to the Golden World. This vision brings its own proof to the spirit, but words cannot declare or explain it."

IV.

Meditation, fiery meditation, has brought A.E. into touch with a source of power that lies behind Nature in a world of ampler beauty than this one, a world of spiritual forces and entities, of luminous colours and intense loveliness. Great poets and painters in all ages have known this secret. It is revealed more frequently in Eastern than in Western art. Of one great Chinese painter it was said that a god possessed him and controlled his brush: of another that his ideas welled up from a power unseen and external to himself. "It was felt" (said Laurence

Binyon in *The Flight of the Dragon*) "that the true artist, working when the mood was on him, was brought into direct relation with the creative power indwelling in the world, and this power, using him as a medium or instrument, breathed actual life into the strokes of the brush . . ."

On one point all these divinely-inspired artists have been agreed—namely, that that ideal world, that Golden Age, that Many-Coloured Land, is a world, an age, a land, of perfect rhythm. They all speak of its rhythm, expressed in form, sound and movement. Disjointedness, separateness, incoherence, lack of rhythm are marks of our mortal life; and it is a human instinct to welcome rhythm. That instinct seems to be fundamental. We welcome rhythm as fallen angels, on the dark floor of the Underworld, might welcome a shaft of celestial light. The welcome is an acknowledgment of kinship with that other world.

In the sixth century the now famous Six Canons of Chinese Art were laid down by Hsieh Ho and have been accepted ever since as the infallible tests of Chinese painting. They have universal validity, and some of them are applicable to all forms of art, not merely to painting. The first of these Canons is that there should be in the painting "rhythmic vitality, or spiritual rhythm expressed in the movement of life."

This rhythmic vitality throbs in A.E.'s poetry: in *By the Margin of the Great Deep*, for example:

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
 From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
 Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
 Growing one with its silent stream.

This poem, like all true poems, is something more than the elements into which it can be analysed. It is more than the sum of its prose content and its rhymes. It has rhythms—quite apart from the chiming of words at the end of the lines—rhythms that ebb and flow in patterns, patterns in flux. The rhythms have necessity. Change them, and the meaning of the poem is changed. There can be no paraphrase of a poem that has rhythmic vitality, for the rhythm is part of the meaning. If the rhythm came first in the conception of this poem (as I believe it did), it does not mean that the poet then began to rack his brains to find words, any words, that would fit into the rhythmic pattern. The words, when they came, had to have "necessity." They could not be other than they are: the poet's meaning could not be exactly expressed in any other words or cadence.

The same caution—that a poem is more than the elements into which it can be analysed—should be remembered when we look for the Ideas in A.E.'s poetry. But it should not deter us from looking for the ideas.

In *Artistry* A.E. considers by what Law dust and matter are made into shapes of beauty. No miracle of loveliness is possible until the Builder has endured agony, and the gods have been crucified and the sorrow has been endured out of which alone could this particular loveliness have bloomed. It was no facile magic lightly accomplished.

To bring this loveliness to be,
 Even for an hour, the Builder must
 Have wrought in the laboratory
 Of many a star for its sweet dust.
 Oh, to make possible that heart
 And that gay breath so lightly sighed:
 What agony was in the art!
 How many gods were crucified!

There will be found in *The Man to the Angel* one solution to the problem of the seeming injustice of the moral law—the pro-

blem with which A.E.'s spiritual adventures began. Looked at from the Many-Coloured Land, the problem takes on a different complexion. The poem puts forward the theory that men are spiritual beings who by their own volition, seeing the end from the beginning, chose to descend into this world, chaos, and, achieving a cosmos in chaos, conquer a part of its territory, and so work up again to the Divine. Angels, however, spiritual beings who have made no adventures into chaos, remain mere mirrors of the divine. Man at his lowest is superior to them : his present darkness may be the "result of some too weighty heroic labour undertaken long ago by the human spirit." (*The Hero in Man*).

" . . . the divine incarnation was not spoken of one, but of all those who, descending into the lower world, tried to change it into the divine image, and to wrest out of chaos a kingdom for the empire of light. The angels saw below them in chaos a senseless rout blind with elemental passion for ever warring with discordant cries which broke in upon the world of divine beauty ; and that the pain might depart, they grew rebellious in the Master's peace, and descending to earth the angelic lights were crucified in men, leaving so radiant worlds, such a light of beauty, for earth's grey twilight filled with tears, that through this elemental life might breathe the starry music brought from Him." (*The Hero in Man*).

I have wept a million tears :
Pure and proud one, where are thine,
What the gain though all thy years
In unbroken beauty shine ?

All your beauty cannot win
Truth we learn in pain and sighs :
You can never enter in
To the circle of the wise.

They are but the slaves of light
Who have never known the gloom,
And between the dark and bright
Willed in freedom their own doom.

Think not in your pureness there,
 That our pain but follows sin :
 There are fires for those who dare
 Seek the throne of might to win.

Pure one, from your pride refrain :
 Dark and lost amid the strife
 I am myriad years of pain
 Nearer to the fount of life.

When defiance fierce is thrown
 At the god to whom you bow,
 Rest the lips of the Unknown
 Tenderest upon my brow.

A similar thought is expressed in *Hope in Failure* (p. 273, *Collected Poems*, 1919).

That there is no escape from the law of retribution is the theme of the poem, *Resurrection (Voices of the Stones)*. We must give redress to all those whom in this or any former existence we may have wronged, we must come to peace with those we have hated and opposed. There is no escaping into Heaven and thus evading the law of retribution ; for even there the soul would find no peace. All its wounds would wake again at the heaving of a wing. The poet feels some warning voice bidding him not to probe further into his experience or to stir up what may be memories of wrongs done and left unexpiated in a former existence—"Let the dragons of the past in their caverns sleeping lie" :

Not by me these feet were led
 To the path beside the wave,
 Where the naiad lilies shed
 Moonfire o'er a lonely grave.

Let the dragons of the past
 In their caverns sleeping lie.
 I am dream-betrayed, and cast
 Into that old agony.

And an anguish of desire
 Burns as in the sunken years,
 And the soul sheds drops of fire
 All unquenchable by tears.

 I, who sought on high for calm,
 In the Everliving find
 All I was in what I am,
 Fierce with gentle intertwined ;

 Hearts which I had crucified
 With my heart that tortured them ;
 Penitence, unfallen pride—
 These my thorny diadem !

 Thou would'st ease in heaven thy pain,
 Oh, thou fiery bleeding thing !
 All thy wounds will wake again
 At the heaving of a wing.

 All thy dead with thee shall rise,
 Dies Irae. If the soul
 To the Everliving flies,
 There shall meet it at the goal

 Love that Time had overlain,
 Deaths that we again must die—
 Let the dragons we have made
 In their caverns sleeping lie.

V.

No one can read much of A.E.'s poetry without discovering that it is the poetry of a painter, or examine any of his canvases without discovering that his painting is that of a poet. He has a painter's eye for lights and colours and tones. Words descriptive of colours and lights are, unfortunately, limited—in English anyway. The colours and lights of the Many-Coloured Land have to be described in words which A.E. well knows are used to describe their less intense counterparts in this world : and even if he takes to paint, the same luminous intensity is lost in the medium.

The frequency with which certain colour-words appear in

A.E.'s poetry is almost a confession of their inadequacy ; he has to fall back upon blues, vaporous sapphires, violet glows, silver gleams, flames, amethysts, roses, pearls . . . The impotence of the English vocabulary to convey the luminous intensity of the Many-Coloured Land is plainly confessed in these lines from *The Unknown God* :

The lights grew thicker unheeded,
For silent and still were we ;
Our hearts were drunk with a beauty
Our eyes could never see.

A comparison with Dante Gabriel Rossetti suggests itself. The difference between them, however, does not justify a close comparison. Rossetti had little, if any, of A.E.'s spiritual beauty. His beauty is more sensuous and clings closely to the earth. Even his blessed damozel is not altogether at home in Heaven : it is not her native element. Her beauty will not long survive man's love of the body, for she has little else to commend her. But A.E.'s more spiritual beauty, though not deficient in sensuous appeal, will lose none of its beauty when all passion is spent.

Gaiety is not lacking in A.E.'s poetry, but there is less than we should have expected to find in the songs of an explorer of the Many-Coloured Land. In his prefatory note to the 1919 edition of his *Collected Poems* he comments on this surprising lack of gaiety :

"When I first discovered for myself how near was the King in His beauty I thought I would be the singer of the happiest songs. Forgive me, Spirit of my spirit, for this, that I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy."

"I have come that ye might have joy," said the Man of Sorrows. As A.E. pursued his fiery meditation, his human sympathy was enlarged. He found in his yogi-like detachment a deeper attachment to humanity, a readier, gentler, profounder sympathy with man. His sense of the sorrow at the core of life made gaiety for him no more than a passing mood, if by gaiety is meant something light and irresponsible. He has the flashing gaiety of the profoundly serious.

The most beautiful poetry, in English at any rate, is sad and has a slow, not a light tripping, movement. But we expect the

poetry of the Golden Age not to be sad. It should be gay, and at the same time profound. This combination of the profound and the gay has not yet been achieved in English. Perhaps it cannot be achieved so long as man is mortal. If the Golden Age were universal and not, as it is now for most men, merely a dream, a vision, then it might be achieved. Poets who have journeyed in the Many-Coloured Land have written of this gaiety—Yeats, for example :

We who are old, old and *gay* . . .

Readers have been quick to suppose that this is a misprint for "grey." It is not. Yeats meant "*gay*"—the combination of age, wisdom, experience, and gaiety.

The good are always merry . . .

And the merry love to dance.

Here it is "goodness" that is allied to "mirth"—a similar thought.

"I have been trying all my life to write a poem that would combine gaiety with beauty," said A.E. recently. He came near to it in *Frolic* :

The children were shouting together
And racing along the sands,
A glimmer of dancing shadows,
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,
The sun was chasing the moon :
The game was the same as the children's,
They danced to the self-same tune.

The whole of the world was merry,
One joy from the vale to the height,
Where the blue woods of twilight encircled
The lovely lawns of the light.

And in *Momentary* :

What Wizard at twilight
Made gay the light feet ?
What Voice in their voices
Sounded so sweet ?

Who whirled the children
Into His dream,
To sway with the boughs
And curve with the stream ?

One dance in one mind
Were clouds in the air,
The rapturous feet,
The flicker of hair.

Too soon it was over
The magical hour.
They parted like leaves
From a withering flower.

The twilight thickened :
The moon rose pale,
And they ran to their homes
By the hill or the vale.

It is in his poems about children and childhood—and in his paintings too on the same subject—that A.E. comes nearest to this union of profound gaiety with beauty. It is fitting that it should be so, for he has, more surely than any poet since Blake, that passport to Heaven, the child-like spirit. There is no darkness in him.

George Moore, come to the last paragraph of his farewell book, *Vale*, paused for a moment and looked back on a long period of literary history, which he had known intimately: at such a moment he forgot Ireland, and literature, and thought only of his friends—"A.E. and the rest." With those words he finished his last chapter. They were the last words that he wrote.

It may be that posterity, looking back on this present period of our poetry, may sum it up in those same words—"A.E. and the rest."

PLAYWRITING FOR LOVE

By W. J. Lawrence

THE darkest hour ever experienced by the workaday English dramatist came in the Caroline period, not many years after Shakespeare was laid to his rest. Fell circumstances then conspired to rob him of his livelihood and all but succeeded in the attempt. The menace came from a host of aspiring dilettanti, all of whom were content to give their plays to the players gratis, and some of whom even went the length of paying them to bring them out. Though the sympathy of the players was with the professional authors, whose capacity was known, the temptations held out to them, backed up as they were now and again by powerful influence, proved irresistible. Broadly speaking, the poachers on the orthodox dramatist's preserves were of two classes, courtier-wits, and ambitious young scholars from the two Universities desirous of obtaining a foothold at court. Granted a fair measure of ability, both could reckon upon some degree of royal support. Henrietta Maria (as it happened, much to Prynne's disadvantage) had a penchant for acting in pastorals, and encouraged the more gifted of those in her train to write plays of that highly artificial type. Nor was this all. Owing to another of the Queen's predilections a cult of platonic love had been established at Court, and, either at the King's suggestion or with his approval, plays came to be written by divers courtier-poets in exemplification of its sublimating qualities. Initially acted for the most part at Whitehall by regular players at the royal expense, these plays were generally given subsequently to the producing companies for public use in one or other of the selected theatres. Thus, Carlell's *The Deserving Favourite*, after it had been performed at Court in 1629 by the King's Men, was also acted by them for a time at the Blackfriars.

But the cloud on the professional dramatist's horizon had darkened somewhat earlier. Already the University amateur had come on the scene. In Shirley's sparkling comedy of *The Witty Fair One*, as acted at the Cockpit in 1628, Violetta finds occasion in the fourth act to remark that there are excellent poets in town, evoking from Sir Nicholas Treadle the mordant inquiry, "In the town? What makes so many scholars then come from Oxford and Cambridge, like market women, with

dossers full of lamentable tragedies and ridiculous comedies, which they might here vent to the players, but they will take no money for them." Which means, probably, that the players preferred to obtain indefeasible rights in a play by purchase in the ordinary way, though they eventually swallowed their scruples.¹ Apparently, however, by this time the University amateurs had got an innings, else Shirley would hardly have considered them worth powder and shot. Unfortunately for him and his class, their plays were not all ridiculous or lamentable, as the bare names of Randolph, Marmion, Cartwright and Jasper Mayne testify. The keenest of satire proved impotent to check the steady tramp, tramp of the invaders, and in 1636—his mind made up for him by a serious outburst of the plague—Shirley set sail for Ireland with the view of vending his wares in the Dublin market.

But mere rivalry was not all. The gravest aspect of the menace to the professional author remains to be spoken of. The Caroline dilettanti were no believers in a fair field and no favour. Not content with the advantage obtained by giving their plays to the players for nothing, they banded together to destroy the work of those who were compelled to write plays for a living. To damn a new play meant a considerable loss both to the author and the producing company, for the system of recompense which then obtained involved the payment of a lump sum on delivery of the manuscript, together with the concession to the author of the net profits of the play's second day's performance. Accordingly, a dead set against any author meant the inevitable loss of his employment. This actually happened to Ben Jonson. In a bleak hour when he was in the decline of his powers and feeling the pinch of poverty, the dilettanti fell upon him and smote him hip and thigh. Probably a recollection of his past achievements might have gained for him a little respite had he chosen to preserve a discreet silence, but he was nothing if not a fighter, and lost no opportunity of openly expressing his contempt for the amateurs. His parting shot at the invaders was fired in the induction to *The Magnetic Lady*, when that ill-received comedy was produced at the Blackfriars in 1632. Damplay, it will be

¹ There is an earlier jibe at "gentlemen poets" in Jonson's *The Staple of News*, IV, 1 (1626), but it may be that the courtier-wit is here aimed at.

remembered, asks the attendant for the theatre-poet and is asked in return, "Which of them, sir? We have divers that drive that trade now, poets, poetaccios, poetasters, poetitos."

In England at this period there were cliques which echoed and applied the sentiments of Gaillard when he wrote contemptuously:

"Corneille est excellent, mais il vend ses ouvrages;
Rotrou fait bien les vers, mais il est poète à gages."

In the eyes of the Caroline dilettante, the fact that he worshipped the Muses without mercenary aim placed him on a superior plane to that occupied by the man who wrote for money, and implied his possession of a virtue which he felt justified in proclaiming from the housetops. In the prologue to *The Launching of the Mary; or The Seaman's Honest Wife*, a play acted in the summer of 1633, and existing now only in an ill-written prompt copy, one finds William Mountford, the author, boasting to the audience that he had forborne from making money out of his piece "by setting yt to sale." Upon this superfluous, and not to say invidious, notification the changes were subsequently rung by other amateurs. In the epilogue to Sir Aston Cokain's *The Obstinate Lady*—a play written about 1634, but not printed until much later—it is said of the author:

"He wants no money, as the case now stands,
Yet prays you to be liberal of your hands."

In 1638, when Jasper Mayne's bright comedy, *The City Match* was acted at the Blackfriars after being performed at Court, a deliberate insult was given to the professional dramatists in general in its supercilious prologue:—

Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd, or hit
Are cares for them who eat by th' stage and wit.
He whose unbought muse did never fear
An empty second day or a thin share;
But can make th' actors, though you come not twice
No losers since we act now at the King's price,

But when the royal exchequer had not defrayed the initial expense, the players sang a different tune. Note the plea in the epilogue

to Denham's *The Sophy*, when that tragedy, late in 1641, was produced at the Blackfriars :—

“ Gentlemen, if you dislike the play,
Pray make no words on't till the second day
Or third be past ; for we would have you know it,
The loss will fall on us, not on the poet
For he writes not for money.

A gentle way, this, of conveying that the author belonged to the noble army of dilettanti !

After the silencing of Ben Jonson none of the hard-pressed professional writers had courage enough to bell the cat save Ben's old servant, Richard Brome, and he but belatedly. When that play of mysterious authorship, *The Careless Shepherdess* was revived at Salisbury Court in 1638, it was preluded by a new induction evidently from the pen of Brome. In this, several typical playgoers are shown about to enter the theatre to see the performance. Thrift, a citizen, after asking “ Sir, was't a Poet or a Gentleman that writ this play ? ” goes on to say :

The Court and Inns of Court
Of late bring forth more wit than all the tavernes,
Which makes me pity playwrights ; they were poore
Before, even to a proverb ; now their trade
Must needs go down, when so many set up.
I do not think but I shall shortly see
One Poet sue to keep the door, another
To be prompter, a third to snuff the candles.

There is no exaggeration here of the distress experienced. Even Philip Massinger, *facile princeps* among the dramatists of the hour, had suffered the oppression of the courtier-clique, and was partly dependent upon the bounty of a patron. Two years later¹ Brome returned to the assault at the Cockpit in a play called *The Court Beggar*. Remark what Courtwit tells Mendicant of his dramatic schemes :—

“ And my project is that no Playes may be admitted
to the Stage, but of their making who professe or indeavour

¹ *The Court Beggar* is stated on the title-page of the belated quarto to have been acted in 1632, but this is certainly wrong. It presents allusions which date it eight years later. See my *The Elizabethan Playhouse and other Studies*, second series, pp. 122-3 ; also J. Q. Adams, *Shakespearean Playhouses*, p. 361.

to live by the quality ; that no Courtiers, Divines, Students at Law, Lawyers-Clearks, Tradesmen or Prentises be allow'd to write 'em, nor the works of any lay-Poet whatsoever to be receav'd to the Stage, through freely given unto the Actors, nay though any such Poet should give a summe of money with his Play, as with an Apprentice, unlesse the Author doe also become bound that he shall doe true and faithful service a whole Terme."

Already, in his prologue, Brome had girded at those gentlemen poets

. who, in the way
To purchase fame give money with their play.
Yet you sometimes pay deare for't, since they write
Lesse for your pleasure than their own delight."

But, not content with these two attacks upon the enemy, he must needs give them a parting shot at the close. In the epilogue to the play, spoken by six of the characters, Swaynwit is given a long concluding speech in prose which begins by disdaining to plead abjectly on behalf of the author. "Why should we?" he asks:—

"Has he not money for his doings, and the best price too—because we would ha' the best. And if it be naught, why so, the poet has shown his wit and we our manners. But to stand and beg for reputation for one that has no countenance to carry it, and must ha' money is such a pastime. If it were one of the great and curious poets that give these playes as the Prologue said, and money too, to have 'em acted ; for them indeed, we are bound to ply for an applause, because they look for nothing else, and scorn to beg for themselves. But then you'll say those playes are not given to *you* ; you pay as much for *your* seats at them as at these, though you sit ne'er the merrier nor rise the wiser—they are above common understanding ; and tho' you see for your love, you will judge for your money—why so, for that too, you may. But take heed you displease not the ladies though, who are partial judges, being brib'd by flattering verses to commend their playes ; for whose faire cause, and by their powerfull voyces to be cry'd up wits o' Court, the right worshipfull Poets boast

to have made those enterludes, when for ought you know they bought 'em of University scholars tho' and only shew their own wits in owning other men's."

To all this there came a quick rejoinder. When Thomas Rawlins, the chief engraver to the Royal Mint, published his tragedy of *The Rebellion* shortly afterwards—it had been acted at Salisbury Court in 1636—he begged the reader in a preliminary Address to "take notice of my name, for a second work of this nature shall hardly bear it. I have no desire to be known by a threadbare coat, having a calling that will maintain it woolly."

With the coming of the Civil War a truce had perforce to be declared between amateur and professional, but the rivalry was renewed with zest at the Restoration, not without bitterness on the one side, though hardly with the old-time contempt on the other. It is true that Samuel Clyat, in the commendatory lines prefixed to the Hon. James Howard's comedy, "*All Mistaken, or The Mad Couple*" in the quarto of 1672, saw fit to say of its author that he courted his muse "neither for gain or dower"; but the age had acumen and sensibility enough to see that the work of professional authors like Dryden, Shadwell and Otway commanded respect. It only remains to be said that the slowing down of the great Elizabethan impetus synchronised with, and, to some extent, was occasioned by the emergence of the Caroline dilettanti. The great public for whom all the great plays had been written began to lose interest in the theatre which slowly degenerated into a sort of court appanage, and it was not until the close of the century that it became once more a thoroughly democratic institution. The verdict of posterity made ironic comment on the futility of the Caroline amateurs' pretentiousness, for of all the plays then written, only one, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, the work of Massinger, one of the despised professionals, held the stage until recent times.

Charles II lives in history as the first reigning English monarch who went publicly to the play. That fact is not without its significance, for, once he had become a regular playgoer and had evinced a highly intelligent interest in the well-being of the drama, not sycophantic courtiers alone but men of the highest rank and station turned their thoughts to writing for the theatre. Two dukes and a fair sprinkling of lords figure not inconspicuously in

Restoration dramatic annals. The line bade fair to extend to the crack o' doom, and it is not surprising that the galled jades, yea even the high-mettled racers, winced. What Dryden thought about the irruptions of Buckingham, Newcastle, Orrery, and the four Howards, not to speak of others of their kidney, may be gleaned from his reflections on dilettanteism in the preface to *All for Love* in 1678:—

“Men of pleasant Conversation (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling Kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of *Latin*, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry:

*Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly, with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their Nakedness to publick View? Not considering that they are not to expect the same Approbation from sober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third Bottle. If a little Glittering in discourse has pass'd them on us for witty Men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the World? Would a Man who has an ill title to an Estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Westminster*? We who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the Excuse that we do it for a poor Subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to scribble, out of meer Wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous.”

Similarly, we find Lee saying in the prologue to his *Constatine the Great* in 1683:—

The Poet and the Whore alike complains,
Of trading Quality, that spoils their gains,
The Lords will write, and Ladies will have swains.

The Restoration dilettanti hit upon a method of preserving their status and their self-respect without bribing the players by giving them their plays absolutely free. The players still had to hand over the profits of the author's third night, but it was usual to

bestow them on a second person. There was a certain improvement in this as the players were no longer tempted to produce a weak play by the lure of getting something for nothing. But, until one knows the secret, it surprises to find a distinguished amateur dramatist giving the profits of one of his plays to a professional rival. When, in 1687, Sedley bestowed the pecuniary return from his Drury Lane comedy, *Bellamira, or the Mistress*, upon Shadwell it was little better than conscience money, for, although the fact was never acknowledged, the play was much more Shadwell's than Sedley's, and infinitely superior to anything that Sedley wrote unaided.

With gentlemen poets, this system of giving away the profits of a play became habitual. In his salad days, Lord Lansdowne wrote a comedy called *The She Gallants* which he for long laid aside, but in after years, lent to a friend, seemingly an actor. The friend was quite impressed with the piece, made a few alterations to bring it up to date, and had it produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1696. These details we learn from Lansdowne's preface to his play, in which he says furthermore, "If his friend has had a Third Day to his Satisfaction, it is all the end that the author propos'd to himself."

Convenient dividing lines as they are in history, centuries merge imperceptibly in life. In the playhouse, the eighteenth in order carried on much of the routine that had prevailed in the latter half of the one that had preceded it. There was no back-sliding on Addison's part when he gave the profits¹ of *Cato* to Wilks, Booth and Cibber, the actor-managers of Drury Lane, for he had long believed that the play was no more than closet drama, unlikely to appeal to the playgoers of the times; and, so far from importuning the triumvirate to put it on the boards, had to be coaxed by his friends to complete the deferred last act and allow it to be acted. And closet drama it really was, but its political overtones made of it a *piece de circonstance* and brought about remarkable success.

On point of record rather than of genius, Aaron Hill was indubitably the most outstanding amateur author of his century. Though no man of his time was keener on making money or had his head fuller of speculative projects, and, though he wrote in

¹ Which were then the net receipts of the third, sixth and ninth nights of the play, and might have amounted in this case to close on £400.

all nine plays, he disdained to derive a single penny from his dramatic work. Like the gentlemen poets of old, he boasted of his dilettanteism. As the *Biographia Dramatica* points out, he wrote once of Poetry in one of his prefaces that he had "no better reason for wishing it well than his love for a mistress, whom he should never be married to ; for that, whenever he grew ambitious, he would wish to build higher, and owe his memory to some occasion of more importance than his writings." Yet but for his writings his name would have been long since forgotten. Strange to say, he derived pleasure from seeing his work on the stage even when the world did not know it as his work, an idiosyncrasy which moved him to rare altruism. In 1721, he was generous enough to relieve his friend Joseph Mitchell's distress by writing for him a short tragedy called *The Fatal Extravagance* which he got produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre as Mitchell's, had it printed as his and gave him all the profits. Though he disclaimed any desire for theatrical fame, paradoxically enough, he went to extreme length to get his plays staged and to ensure their adequate representation. If, unlike some of the Caroline dilettanti, he refrained from "giving money with his play," he once gave an equivalent. Not content with foregoing all possible profit when his tragedy of *King Henry the Fifth, or The Conquest of France by the English* was produced at Drury Lane in December 1723, he spent some £200 in providing it with a new set of scenes.¹ Seeing that this scenery afterwards became part of the Drury Lane stock, this was little short of bribery. Later on, he proclaimed his consistent dilettanteism from the housetops. When his tragedy, *Athelwold*, was produced at old Drury in 1731, Wilks, in delivering the prologue, was made to say :—

" Our author's wishes, partial to the stage,
Not for himself your favour would engage :
Not his own cause, but ours he wou'd defend,
Not fears an enemy—nor tasks a friend :
But frankly bids me own that from his plays
He means no profit, and deserves no praise."

This was disingenuous, a pleading for success under false pretences. Where there is no desire for fame or profit there is no spur.

¹ Benjamin Victor, *History of the Theatres of London and Dublin*, II. p. 122.

When Young's tragedy, *The Brothers*, was in rehearsal for production at Drury Lane in 1753, he caused it to be known that any pecuniary return that came to him from its performance would be given to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, a resolution which moved Garrick to prompt that contemptible little dandy, David Mallet, to write an epilogue to the play making coarse allusion to the distinguished author's intention :—

A scheme forsooth to benefit the nation,
Some queer odd, whim of pious propagation !
Lord ! talk so, *here*—the man must be a widgeon :
Drury may *propagate*—but not religion.

When Young visited the theatre he was utterly shocked and highly offended on hearing this ribaldry delivered by Mrs. Clive ; and when he came to publish the play, omitted the epilogue and substituted one of his own writing instead. The profits were £400, and Young, in handing them over to the Society whose well-being he had at heart, increased the sum to £1,000.

But this open giving away of good money honestly earned, being invidious, aroused resentment in those who were compelled to live by their pen. Kenrick, in writing a coarse satire on Garrick in 1772, made glancing allusion to his recent production of a tragedy called *Zobeide*, written by a wealthy amateur :

“ Though modest Craddock scorns to sell his play,
But gives the good-for-nothing thing away.”

In this case, the profits were as modest as the author, but, such as they were, they went into the pocket of Mrs. Yates, the actress.

THE CHIMERA OF OBJECTIVITY

By Alec Brown

IT is often said that the artist, and hence the writer, in his work is bound to be essentially "revolutionary." Now since being revolutionary presupposes some conflict between two groups (nation and oppressor nation, or class and oppressor class), and also some prejudice in favour of the oppressed side—and since the novelist's supposed task of "depicting society" suggests the need for impartiality, there seems to be a contradiction between two conceptions of the novelist as artist. On the face of it it looks as if he cannot be progressive and revolutionary, and a painter of society, at the same time. It is the purpose of this essay to suggest a way of seeing how the two conceptions are in complete harmony.

I do not intend to go into the major question here raised, merely to deal with a particular phenomenon which arises from the above conflict, or apparent conflict. There should be no difficulty in assuming that the true artist does look ahead and tend to be revolutionary, or at least a "progressive," an "innovator"—and it is probably just as easy to assume that he should give a picture of society as complete and as "balanced" as possible. Those starting points I shall not enquire into. My theme here is the peculiar thing which results from the novelist's attempt to reconcile both the tendencies in him by denying—instead of resolving—the conflict.

In this matter it seems very important to distinguish between the objective and the subjective aspects, by which I mean—between what the given novel says and signifies (objective fact) and what the work means to the author, what the author *thinks* he is doing (subjective side). The novelist in the majority of cases is like the majority of other people, he wants to be comfortable, and if he is comfortable, he does not want to be disturbed. This way, however "revolutionary" his subject, except in rarer cases where he has been moulded by environment to a definitely revolutionary outlook with a conscious insistence on revolt, he has a tendency, quite inevitable, to aim at making his book generally comfortable from his own personal standpoint—which often means balancing what is "revolutionary" by some other material which neutralises it.

It is this which rounds a novel off, and makes it possible

for the army of critics, who are conservative (I think mainly of the press notices of the dailies and the Sunday papers, which are functions of the circulating library trade), to speak of it as "human" or showing a "wide understanding" of human nature. The novel appears to present "all sorts" of people, and the author appears to be "profound," because he goes out of his way to present the reactionary side with endearing touches. Thus a recent English novel, by Mr Graham Greene, which deals with revolutionary workers and includes the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis (London) spends a great deal of space on the "human" side of this Commissioner, giving his weaknesses, his tribulations, his boredom, his lack of personal hostility to the workers (a nice fiction, this) and his position of "honest fellow doing a job"—and all this in spite of the fact that the character of the Commissioner really has absolutely nothing to do with the plot.

Now I am not going to make a suggestion that this weighting of a story about a dynamic, transitional situation on the conservative side, is deliberate, or necessarily conscious. It seems to represent merely what happens when a writer who is not in actual life in any sense a revolutionary himself deals with a progressive theme. There the novelist is, taking the dynamic situation from his environment for subject, and unquestionably aware that dynamic situations in history move forward and can move only forward—that they cannot either stand still or move backward—but, because his own personal nature, or his personal situation, has not yet thrown him to one side or other of the dynamic conflict, he goes on trying to maintain an independent intellectual position. It is this which results in the weighting on the reactionary side, even when it may seem to him, subjectively, as he writes, that he is being "fair" but progressive.

In other words, in order that the writer may rub along comfortably with the general conservative reading public, so long as he is not consciously on the progressive side, he has in him automatically an inhibition which works in him in such a way that, without his realising it, the sting is taken out of his half-hearted, "independently" or "fairly" or "judicially" expressed statement of the dynamic situation; which robs it of all effect, so that it becomes virtually not a progressive but a reactionary statement.

Let me quote some examples from authors who are at a

distance now. Gogol and Goncharov are two Russian writers who were both very conscious of dealing with the social theme—they at least were not novelists who thought they were not,—and they had a desire to be progressive, to “reform.” We find each of them in turn giving us sharply criticised Russian characters, and juxtaposing to them the author’s ideal, progressive character. Leave aside for the moment the effect on their work of their idealist outlook, their seeking the point to be criticised in the “Russian character” or the “Russian soul”—as if that were a starting point. Take their false point of view for a moment, take that belief in a “national character” which moulds the nation (instead of the opposite) for granted. How do they deal with it? Glance at an ideal character of each—Gogol’s Kostanzhogo, Goncharov’s Stolz. Two men of action, contrasted with slothful, uncertain, inactive Russian characters. Note what has happened. Instead of depicting each of them as an ideal man of action who is at the same time a Russian (so as to show *how* a Russian could be a man of action) they have both taken a half-foreigner—Gogol a naturalised Greek-Bessarabian, Goncharov a naturalised German. By doing this they have knocked the bottom out of their very thesis (however faulty) that Russia’s difficulties would be solved by strong characters, because the strong characters they presented were not Russians at all. Every contemporary Russian would be likely to be patriotic in a common sense way and say “Yes, but this man is not a Russian, he is a foreigner, we Russians can never be like that, it is not our nature”—which, apart from being nonsense, definitely destroyed the writer’s own thesis—knocked the bottom out of his argument.

I have fairly recently done exactly the same myself. I wrote a novel about the English countryside. I even thought I was clear about being on the left side of my situation. In my novel I put a farmer and his daughter, and à propos of an injured farm worker and the question of his “right” (or non-right) to permanent support from the farm, the daughter was presented as conscious of an equal right possessed by the worker as by the farmer himself. . . . Yes, but the inhibition working in me twisted the theme out of all recognition, emasculated it. I brought in irrelevant material which completely confused the issue. I made the farmer an East Anglian, and the daughter—an *adopted* daughter originating from Wales!

As I wrote I had no idea that by this I was destroying my own theme. It just seemed that it was very suitable like that—it “balanced” the story. Of course there was no earthly reason why the girl should not be the farmer’s born daughter—except the inhibiting force, the reason that, as *adopted* Welsh girl (foreigner) she destroyed the argument. Whereas, had she been the farmer’s own daughter, born and bred on that Norfolk farm, the theme, instead of being weakened, would have been strengthened many fold.

Now, this little ray of light which I hope I throw on the work of an author in his transition period from thinking he can be un-biassed, to being clearly biassed—the period in which he takes the dynamic theme, but still endeavours to be intellectual and detached—occurred to me first some two years ago when I read Sean O’Faoláin’s novel “A Nest of Simple Folk.” The author in that novel is, so it seems to me, principally engaged in depicting the making of an Irish nationalist revolutionary. A number of times, at various ages, the man is shown coming to revolutionary action. The writing is on a high level, the descriptions are vivid, well staged, and ring true. Yes, but throughout the book the theme of the revolutionary in the making is confused and, unquestionably (so it seems to me), completely ruined by the introduction of a parallel thread of his character which is not typical or essential to such a man or such a development of character, but which in the given novel is likely to give the average (conservatively tending) reader an explanation of the revolutionary which is not merely generally false, but, I should judge, false too to the author’s own intentions.

I leave aside again the larger and more important issue—namely, the social factors in the author’s Fenian hero. I want here to keep right down to the author’s individual standpoint. Why did he find it necessary to make the revolutionary nationalist hero of his book also a generally in-stable and loose character, who callously and brutally seduces girls of his own kind, of the kind he is fighting for? This is in no way essential to the book. Even if some such theme did seem necessary to spice the story, a minor parallel figure could well have been the vehicle for it. If revolutions, national or otherwise, depended on in-stable characters of this nature, they would never get very far, and the initial step even could never be achieved. Here again we see

the grand general theme, for reasons the author could probably never have explained at the time, has been twisted and ruined by irrelevant material. This again is the work of the inhibition of which I speak, and, as "independent" intellectual (artistic) aloofness is really quite impossible in a moving situation, the author slithers down into the camp he probably has least intention of joining.

But, it may be objected, the author may not be about dealing with some large social theme, in the sense in which I am taking the word. He is out, you may say, merely to tell a story which illustrates some single facet of the social picture. It is here that we must observe that, in the degree with which he achieves his object of being an artist in the sense of "reflecting his period," he is inevitably driven further and further forward towards the other condition of artistic creation—that of being revolutionary. For this reason—what is wrong with the twists to which I have drawn attention in a number of cases, is, apart from the initial fact that they destroy the real theme intended by the author that they do this by substituting, for what is typical, something which is untypical.

They particularise instead of generalising. Sean O'Faoláin depicts one particular and untypical Fenian, instead of a typical and general Fenian. Thus, by trying, (consciously or not, it is the same in objective result) to avoid the true revolutionary stance of the artist, the author, in order to "reflect his environment" not only avoids the open choice, the crossing of the barrier, the prejudiced, non-independent, non-intellectual (non-independently thinking) revolutionary position—he not only avoids taking the *left* side—he also fails to do what he thinks he ought to do, namely, give just that fair social picture.

It is, I think, in this way that we can understand how it is that, in regard to a dynamic social situation, such as a struggle between nation and oppressor nation, or between class and oppressor class, in order to be fully the artist as *depicter of society* the artist must be revolutionary too.

ALEC BROWN.

MUSIC AND ARCHITECTURE

By Manning Robertson

WALTER PATER's suggestion that architecture might be termed "frozen music" has led to a general acceptance of close kinship between these two arts, and this is probably responsible for a considerable output of work making direct and indirect comparisons between them. Much of this work starts with the assumption that a close parallel exists, in which case it is not hard to find it. Proctor, the astronomer, said that it was possible to prove that the result of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race was influenced by the sun-spot cycle. One must admit that some intuitive basis is shared in common by all the arts, but, within this framework, it can be shown that, of all the arts, music and architecture have the least in common. We adopt the distinction that, of the five major arts, three are perceived through space dimensions and two through time, giving us two groups: (1) spatial (architecture, sculpture, painting); (2) Time (poetry, music). The arts of group (1) share certain limitations in common. The opportunities for their expression on the grand scale are rare and expensive and difficult to obtain. In architecture this is carried to the extreme, and there nearly always exist restrictive conditions due to outside interference or shortage of funds. Each work of art in group (1) is unique and hence can only be seen in one place and, further, it is destined eventually to disintegration through accident, malice, or the mere passage of time.

This limitation does not apply to music or poetry. Age and accident will destroy Santa Sophia and Leonardo's "Last Supper" but nothing short of the end of the world can destroy Shakespeare's plays or Bach's fugues. Thus the description on the medallion commemorating the opening of the Stockholm Town Hall in 1923 which reads "verba volant, monumentum manet" should rather be reversed. These considerations show that the spatial arts differ fundamentally from poetry and music and that, of the spatial arts, architecture differs most since it is the most circumscribed by restrictions. It is, as we shall see, easy to show that music is more remote from the others than is poetry or drama.

Given the requisite experience and training, anyone capable of thinking intelligently, unless he were blind, could appreciate

architecture, and anyone—except someone who was blind or colour blind—could appreciate painting. Likewise it is hard to believe that Shakespeare's drama with its universal appeal, could fail to arouse a response in nine thinking people out of ten. With music it is otherwise, since in the majority of people the machinery for, so to say, tuning-in to music's highest appeal is deficient or absent. Music, in its full sense, can be appreciated only by the few. To obtain a comparison we must imagine a country in which half the population was entirely colour-blind, seeing everything in shades of grey like a photograph; the other half would be graded from those who had the full range of colour vision such as most of us possess down to those who were virtually colour-blind. This is no reflection upon their intelligence, but is the fault of the construction of their eyes, or perhaps of the connection from eye to brain. Such people could appreciate drawings, but would be incapable of understanding an oil-painting and no description of colours—nor even what we meant by colour—would be of the slightest use to them.

To say that this, so to say, colour-blind condition limits the musical appreciation in a very large number of our fellow-beings is to contradict a theory, popular with music teachers, to the effect that anyone could appreciate good music who had sufficient opportunities of hearing it; but this theory is belied by fact, and the more thoughtful of our unmusical friends are always the first to insist upon their musical limitations. To say that those who can appreciate jazz or popular romantic music are therefore musical is like saying that a man who enjoys, or even can compose, a good Limerick, must be a poet.

Considering music on its more accessible plane we find that it is incomparably the most stimulating and exciting of the arts and has always been recognised and used as such; we begin with the primitive rhythm of the drum and the melody of the folk song; we work through a vast range of sensuous and romantic appeal; we find the drum and rhythm expanding into martial music, such as inflamed a whole people in the "Marseillaise." It is because the majority of people are keenly sensitive to these emotional reactions that the fallacy has arisen that these same people can necessarily explore the more remote reaches of music. It is only with these regions, as representing the real content of music, that we shall concern ourselves here.

Thus we find that music is a remote art—an art for the few to a greater extent than is poetry or tragedy. Heine has well said that music begins where words leave off, and it follows that “programme music” cannot reach the highest levels. We can see at once that religious music, the great masses—for example, or such a music drama as “Tristan and Isolde,” are only tied to words in the sense that our thoughts are guided into certain channels. It may be of interest here to compare the mode of approach in our two arts when it is attempted to translate them into words. We shall find always that architecture evokes comparisons with nature—the effect of a forest, branching overhead in the Gothic columns and vaulting, the cliff-like qualities of the medieval fortress, and so on. We see this in Ruskin’s well-known aphorism on the religious nobility of Byzantine architecture :

“The rolling heap of the thunder-cloud, divided by rents, and multiplied by wreaths, yet gathering them all into its broad, torrid, and towering zone, and its midnight darkness opposite ; the scarcely less majestic heave of the mountain side, all torn and traversed by depth of defile and ridge of rock, yet never losing the unity of its illumined swell and shadowy decline ; and the head of every mighty tree, rich with tracery of leaf and bough, yet terminated against the sky by a true line, and rounded by a green horizon, which, multiplied in the distant forest, makes it look bossy from above ; all these mark, for a great and honoured law . . . which conceived and felt more than it created ; a power that neither comprehended nor ruled itself, but worked and wandered where it listed, like mountain streams and winds ; and which could not rest in the expression or seizure of finite form. It could not bury itself in acanthus leaves. Its imagery was taken from the shadows of the storms and hills, and had fellowship with the night and day of the earth itself.”

We observe that in this passage the beauties of nature are conjured up throughout. While architecture cannot imitate nature, in the sense that painting can do so, it shares with painting the possibility of transcending nature, or shall we say interpreting its hidden meaning.

As a companion to Ruskin’s word picture of Byzantine

architecture, let us see how Richard Wagner—a master of words no less than of music—attempts the same task in connection with that supreme work of creative genius—Beethoven's Quartet in C Sharp Minor, Opus 131:—

“The introductory Adagio, than which probably nothing more melancholy has been expressed in tones, I would designate as the awakening on the dawn of a day that throughout its tardy course shall fulfil not a single desire; not one. None the less it is a penitential prayer, a conference with God in the faith of the eternally good. The eye turned inwards here, too, sees the comforting phenomena it alone can perceive in which the longing becomes a sweet, tender, melancholy disport with itself, the inmost hidden dream pictures awakened at the loveliest reminiscence. And it is as though the master, conscious of his strength, puts himself in a position to work his spells; with renewed power he now practices his magic in contemplating a lovely figure, the witness of pure heavenly innocence, so that he may incessantly enrapture himself by its new and unheard of transformations, induced by the refraction of the rays of light he casts upon it. We may now fancy him, profoundly happy from within, casting an inexpressibly serene glance upon the outer world; and again it stands before him as in the Pastoral Symphony. Everything is luminous, reflecting his inner happiness. It is as though he were listening to the very tones emitted by the phenomena, that move aerial and again firm, in rhythmic dance before him. He contemplates life, and appears to reflect how he is to play a dance for life itself;—a short but troubled meditation—as though he were diving into the deep dream of his soul. He has again caught sight of the inner side of the world; he awakens, and strikes the strings for a dance, such as the world has never heard. It is the World's own dance, wild delight, cries of anguish, love's ecstasy, highest rapture, misery, rage; voluptuous now, and sorrowful; lightnings quiver, storms roll; and high above all the supreme musician, knowing and compelling all things, proudly and firmly wielding them from whirl to whirlpool, to the abyss. He

laughs at himself ; for the incantation was, after all, but play to him. Thus night beckons, his day is done."

We observe here that we are dealing with states of consciousness ; no comparison with the material aspects of nature is attempted. Ruskin's description might give some idea of the power, and even the form, of Byzantine architecture to someone who had never seen any, although it would still be vastly inferior to a photograph. Wagner's account, on the other hand, could not give the faintest indication of the revelation in the C Sharp Minor Quartet, unless one already knew that quartet, in which case one must admit that Wagner attempts the impossible as well as it can be attempted.

Beethoven never heard his greatest works ; including this Quartet, and his access to such a world, apart from any possibility of hearing it, is utterly incomprehensible if we regard music as only a sensuous enjoyment of sound. We conclude therefore that the highest music, in its curious spiritual isolation, with its intensely burning qualities, is different in kind from architecture. That architecture has not, to the same extent, this transcending power does not belittle either its influence or its importance. The power of music is concentrated but discontinuous ; architecture is always exerting its influence. We might compare the action of architecture to the light of the sun falling uniformly, while music, we might say, concentrates that light, to certain people only, as through a burning glass, to a white-hot intensity at one particular spot.

We now come to another difference which pushes these two arts further apart. It is the necessity for an interpretive artist in music. This we may regard as a limitation if we assume that there must be one ideal mode of performance in the composer's mind ; or we may consider it as an additional asset, enabling an endless variety of readings to be obtained. To achieve the full effect, the interpreter would surely need to be as great as the composer—and this is naturally rare—in the case of the greatest music we may call it impossible. Architecture requires no interpretive artist—its dependence upon craftsmen is subsidiary—and it is thereby saved from one of the greatest of musical disasters—the virtuoso, who sacrifices music to technique.

We here find an analogy between music and architecture—but only an analogy : the sound " fire-works " produced by a

virtuoso to illustrate his skill may legitimately be compared with the virtuoso drawing of architectural subjects. How well we know the building, perhaps of bad proportion and with a thousand faults, which is presented to us in a gorgeous drawing, radiantly illuminated, in which technique and mist conceal a fundamental mediocrity of design—how many indifferent buildings have gone up on such drawings? And how often do we hear acrobatics when we are supposed to be listening to music?

We are now comparing certain similarities, or rather analogies, between the arts. Architecture is essentially an art of thickness and for this reason a mere façade, however beautiful, cannot satisfy us in the sense that the thick little Casino at Marino can satisfy us. Music also is essentially thick—we speak in analogy—if it is to achieve its full greatness. To consider a masterpiece which we all know—Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. This, a magnificent musical façade, but its lack of thickness (of which Schubert was well aware) means that one can soon tire of it. It has none of the glittering facets, new possibilities of interpretation, hidden resources, that we find in that great turning point in music, Beethoven's Eroica Symphony.

Direct comparisons between music and architecture have frequently been indulged in. Statham considers that the rhythmic accent in the first beat of the bar is like the rhythm of a row of columns. Consider the first four bars of the "Merry Widow:" are we put in mind of four columns? Might we not as well say that a three course luncheon, with roast beef in the middle, puts us in mind of the Butt Bridge, with its heavy arch flanked by two smaller ones? Statham also finds an analogy between the three chords which sometimes end a composition and the three groves that grace the necking of a Greek Doric column. The chords terminate the music and the groves end the upward sweep of the flutes. There is a certain similarity, but then they both also resemble the final notice from the Income Tax Collector.

The sense of association in architecture is exceedingly powerful but, even so, it can only excite a general trend of thought, solemnity, frivolity, and the like. Thus a prison should appear strong, but so should a bank. A Town Hall should look imposing, but so should a university. Only when association is, so to say, locally wedded to some style does one find, as in medieval churches, any sense of religion in the actual structure and that is due solely

to association. Witness the conversion of the pagan Basilica into the Christian Temple of worship. Architecture is powerless to express definite feelings, jealousy, love, hatred, charity; so—as we shall see later—is music. Consider the hymn to Venus in Tannhauser, where Wagner has put forth all his great power to produce a voluptuous ecstasy. Did we not know otherwise it might as well be a hymn of rejoicing at deliverance from some enemy. The most widely diverse sensations can be induced in different people by the same piece of music. What seems the depth of despair to one may reveal itself as the comfort of philosophic contemplation to another. But we cannot take out of music or architecture what is not there; neither can we take out anything that is not *en rapport* with what we put in. Anyone attempting to find consolation in the wonderful symphonies of Tschikowsky will be disappointed; he will find beauty, tragedy, liveliness, resignation, but no hope and power or will to victory over Fate; the certainty of which is inherent in all Beethoven's greater works—however seemingly tragic they may be. If we turn to architecture we find we cannot make sense of such expressions as "despair," "resignation," "hope," "will to victory," all of which are reasonable enough to the musician, since with music we find ourselves in a spiritual region which no other art can penetrate. Let us see how Schopenhauer explains this unique quality in music.

Schopenhauer, artist and musician, as well as philosopher, deals at length with the metaphysics of the fine arts. In considering the plastic or spatial arts, he contends that these are concerned with revealing the *Idea* of the genus to which the person or thing belongs. The Idea meaning the Platonic Idea, which lies behind the appearance which is destined to pass away or change even while we speak of it. Thus any given rat will die, but "rattiness" endures and would exist as an abstract conception even if there were no rats left. When it takes humanity as its model spatial art, he says, aims at excluding the matter and revealing, through the form, the Idea of humanity as seen from one particular angle. It must exclude the matter without the possibility of mistake on the part of the spectator. A wax figure may be completely lifelike, but we know that it is not a work of art. Why?—Because it gives us the matter, shows us the individual, corpselike, without the Idea behind. Schopenhauer

holds that, to be beautiful, works of plastic art must preserve a certain similarity with the works of nature ; not necessarily one which directly strikes the eye nor have to do with the shape the thing takes, as for instance that columns should represent trunks of trees or human limbs. The similarity should lie, not in the shape, but in the character. An exact similarity, as when a gas fire is made to look like a log of wood, is not art.

A work of art is achieved by a process of intuition, it may be by setting up the abstract Idea of the purpose which the work of art is to serve. It then attains its end by impressing it upon some alien material ; yet even so the character belonging to a product of Nature may be preserved. In looking at such a work of art one should feel that if nature had produced such a building, vase, lamp, or cup, then they would have been to that design. If the plastic arts set up the Ideas, music on the contrary ignores the Ideas and is independent of the perceptible world. It is not, as are the other arts, an image of the Ideas but the image of the universal Will itself. This, he considers, explains the unique position of music and why its effect is far more powerful and penetrating than that of the other arts. While the others speak of shadows, music speaks of fundamentals. To many this might appear to be an inversion of the real state of affairs, but one of the few truths in philosophy which we can easily grasp is that the momentary condition of any object cannot be ultimately real, since it is something different (even if very slightly different) before we have finished contemplating it. Hence it can have no place in the Eternal which must lie in the realm of the mind. In the Prologue to Faust the Lord concludes :—

“ Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wavering apparition gleams
Fix in its place with Thoughts that stand for ever ! ”

Returning to Schopenhauer, we find him maintaining that the composer reveals the most essential being of the world and expresses the profundity of wisdom in a language which his reason cannot understand. He cannot express this or that joy, sorrow, horror, jealousy, or ambition, but, as it were, their essentials which can be realised but not otherwise expressed. He can give

the inner soul without the body ; in this way he can express the things which lie at the back of all appearances. Schopenhauer thus holds that music expresses the inner being or essence of the world, and it follows that " were a correct and exhaustive explanation of music possible, this would constitute also an explanation of the world—the true philosophy."

He tells us that we shall see, in one of Beethoven's symphonies, " the greatest confusion, under which there exists the most perfect order, the most violent strife, that in the next moment grows into loveliest concord : it is a true and complete image of the essential nature of the world, that rolls on in the immeasurable complication of countless shapes, and supports itself by constant destruction. At the same time all human passions and emotions speak from this symphony—joy, sorrow, love, hate, fright, hope, in countless gradations, all however, as it were, in the abstract only, and without any particularity ; it is form without materials, a spirit world without matter."

We considered Ruskin's appreciation of Byzantine architecture and found exactly the comparison with the Idea in nature. We quoted Richard Wagner on the Beethoven Quartet and it tallied precisely with Schopenhauer's word picture of the Symphony. Each avoids scrupulously attempting to explain one art in terms of another, an attractive but profitless pastime. Mr. Alexander Walton, in his book " Architecture and Music " says that the leading of one movement into another savours of a broken pediment. Might one not as well say that an ampère savours of an omelette ? But if such comparisons waste our time, it is far worse when one art invades the domain of another. This is popular at the moment and accounts for the futility of many alleged works of art, as when we are told that music can speak in terms of literature.

It has often been said that the " High-Brow " musician is debarred from enjoying popular music. Now we know that the man who appreciates the Parthenon, Lincoln Cathedral, and our Custom House, is the man who most enjoys the traditional thatched cottage and any other simple work of architecture, provided only that it be good, and the same applies to music. Much of our popular music is meretricious and poor (like so many villas and bungalows) but every now and then you come upon

a fine piece of light music admirably suited for its purpose. Consider the song :

“ No, no ; a Thousand Times No.”

Here is real music, just what light music should be—a work of art which has no pretensions beyond expressing the humour and mock heroics of the words with maximum gaiety.

One would suppose that music which clearly bore the stamp of its period would, so far as is possible, be analogous to the architecture of its period, and we find many instances of this. We have mentioned the Casino at Marino—a gem of daintiness and grace, possessing just those attributes which we discover in a Haydn Quartet, courtly and refined, but which seldom or never sails out into the deep waters of music. Modern music and architecture have this in common, that they are constantly attempting new effects. In the case of architecture, definite new discoveries have made it possible to build structures which would have been impossible a hundred years ago. With music it is otherwise, since we can produce no effects worth mentioning which were not available to our predecessors. The modern musician can only explore regions which earlier musicians either did not think of, or did not like. It would have been technically possible for Beethoven to write a modern symphony ; it would have been impossible for the Adam Brothers to have erected the Woolworth building. Whether or no this means that architecture has future possibilities which are closed to music is a subject too intricate to be discussed here.

Were we to end at this point we might conclude that music, being by far the most powerful of the arts, must correspondingly be the most important ; but we have seen also that its power is discontinuous and far from universally applied. The force of gravitation is extremely feeble, but there is so much of it that it dominates us. Both arts are essential to culture, but architecture is so much more in evidence that its feebler appeal is thereby compensated, although even this wide sphere of influence hardly gives her the right to call herself “ The Mistress Art.” These two arts are mutually complementary : Architecture the broad base, Music the apex, piercing the clouds.

A CONFESSION OF AN OPIUM SMOKER

By *Dermot Murphy*

I'VE never 'eard anybody talk, sir—express himself, you might say—the way you do.

I only use my mother tongue as I learnt it, Sam.

The first time as I heard you say Good morrow, wench, at the door to Sarah I thought I'd have bust. It came out so natural, like, as if you was on the stage. And Sarah Green looked at you as if she was being made fun of.

Perhaps I was making fun, Sam Bird. Or making fun of myself, which amounts to the same thing, or worse, if a man is fair-minded.

I often think of *my* mother, sir. Mothers are a bit 'ard on us easy-going chaps, more so than what they think by a long chalk. They really 'anker for the son who plays up to his own 'and, and never notice it, my opinion is—think all the time it's the other way about. And then us easy-going chaps, not being able to get our own way with everybody, we're apt to bear a bit 'arder on them on that very account; and the way I reckon it, we only get what we ask for. There's a lot of that in Shakespeare. Philosophy—the sort of thing you don't know how true it is till years roll away and you start asaying things to yourself—things as you've heard in a play. I don't know as any plays goes in for philosophy as hard as Shakespeare—the Lyons Mail, and that, and the plays in London. There isn't any in *The Only Way*.

Though it was by a beneficed clergyman.

—Except that bit about—It's a far, *far* better thing I do than I have EVER done,—and you might say that about anything almost, even when you're cracking a jeweller's back door with a jimmy.

O never, Sam! I'd be honest, I assure you.

Oh, well—I don't mean *you*, sir. I mean anybody. I don't mean picking a pocket. That's worse.

Worse? I see. You confuse me, Sam; the same as some up-to-date poets do when they catch me asleep so that my mind jumps the same way as theirs, and I catch their meaning. But to

follow your reasoning, and chastise it—may not a good man be a jeweller, and a bad man have a pocket? In a nobler world than ours perhaps the stipendiary magistrate will judge the levity of a crime by the trouble and adventure in it, but for the present they'll only act on the sworn evidence; so either your liquor has climbed into your head, or your morals have got down into your heart, if you think the worst crimes are the commonest and easiest—and done by slovenly people with weak heads, as Aristotle and Shakespeare agreed.

Well, I don't mind going a bit of the way with Shakespeare. I suppose you've often seen 'Amlet, sir?

I saw Russell Thorndyke's attempt the other day, and I saw Tree foot the boards in the Dane's weeds—b'Gad, he looked a beast in 'em. And when I was a poor student studying away my mother's money I used to carry my young blood up into the gallery of the old Lyceum on a Saturday night to have it boiled by Henry Irving. The old tyrant was reforming the parts of Lear and Hamlet till—it was astounding. When you'd escaped from the place it was all so damned unnatural. It must have been the cathartic effect mentioned by Aristotle in the Poetics, when he makes a lot of rot about Idomeneus strangling the Athenian audience while he hesitated to cut the throat of his offspring. It only shows you they were no better than us. But we'll never see his like again—Irv'ng, I mean—with his roaring and swooning, and dragging his foot like a galley mutineer while he broke the necks of the five vowels in turn.

No—I dare say there's nothing like Shakespeare, when all's said and done. Your health, sir.

No. He's a monster. He was the grimmest calamity that ever happened to the literature of our blessed country. His grotesque shadow extends across three centuries and disfigures everything else. Since the Bard exhibited those forty lamentable plays—or rather, scenic stories—of his, the nation of English poets and authors don't seem to have known their right hand from their left—English men, when they're inspired to write—after you, if you please—or not inspired not to, they think they excel when they only exceed, and it's the fault of Shakespeare. No literature but ours could have withstood the shock of his reputation—I don't believe the English muses' boat has ever been trimmed since the Swan took off. He irrevocably destroyed

the idea of form, expunged it from the practice of literature, so that there's hardly a poem or a play or a fiction in the language that would pass the test by which instructed criticism weighs a Phædra or a Prometheus.

He comes into Hamlet. Bald chap, the nosy-parker of the piece. The Prince sticks him be'ind the screen, and then pulls him out by the fetlock. But the way he served Ophelia, sir, is what sticks in my gizzard. When he jilts the poor girl and sends her batty, so she goes around like a ghost giving flowers to the others and talking to herself, and then sits down on the floor and sings, I feel like saying: Give over, William. That's enough. Don't pile on any more.

And it does you a lot of credit, I'm sure, Sam.

Who—me? Not likely. As a matter of fact, playing on a chap's nerves is a thing I can't stand, and never could. D'you suppose there was anything between them, really?

Between who?

Ophelier and 'Amlet.

It's a knotty question, and I'm sure it's been threshed out by the foreigners with a lot of scalding chaff fifty times in these fifty years; and it shows you what fools they be, both the German professor who marries his cook and the French professor who marries his mistress—not content with speculating about what passed in Shakespeare's mind when he made Hamlet, they speculate about what passed in God's when he made Shakespeare. Cabanis said he was lymphatic, as much as to say he was impotent. His blood wanted alkalinity. So nothing passed between them that would find most disfavour with the censorious (damn 'em) who aren't able to speculate at all about why the Prince draws his sword so often, and only the bad once for any purpose before he has his foot in his own grave. I'd like to have done the post-mortem on Hamlet. At present the medical evidence is so scanty that I'd rather the Germans singed their wings in the obscurity than me. By the habit of meditating, those philosophers will believe anything.

The idea of *me* talking about philosophy! Though I'm never shy of saying anything I think to you, somehow, sir, because you don't pick me up the wrong way. As if I'd got any business——

Or I. It's a sad business. And why it should take so long to end, considering the few poor miserable things it deals with,

will always be a wonder to me, until I have time to find out. And find out I would, if I had the time. There's a Chinese philosopher whose name I forget—and not because it's a long one—he's the most genial and least oppressive; because he sways from a remark about the absolute to the matter of a mosquito bite with so little change of tone that you'd think it uncivil in you not to agree that the absolute is a mosquito bite, and a mosquito bite absolute. I knew him well.

You mean you knew this here Chinaman?

Well, I didn't know him personally. He lived in China ages before I began to live at home. I mean, I knew what he was getting at. There's nothing quite absolute like an insect bite, especially in the lumbo-sacral region, where you're sure to have it when the footman has shut the chair behind you and you're supposed to be dining with people that you're supposed to have a lot of respect for, a rich man, or an archdeacon. Just in that part the bite starts a doggy scratch reflex in a way that confirms the suspicion—and it's no more than a suspicion, Sam—that in the case of the early ancestors of men the toes and fingers were on an equal footing.

You mean fleas, doctor?—they never bite me very much, and I often wonder if it's because they don't fancy me. I was riding a colt for Hawkins at Alexandra Park in nineteen-oh-eight, and a flea threw his 'ind leg across my back——

Steady, Sam Bird. The garden is the place for turf stories, where one can *see*. We were only talking about philosophers. I was saying that I never met but one. He was a black Hindoo from India who dressed with me at the hospitals—a man of uncommon dignity, so that you couldn't choose but think he was a person of importance in his own country, a prince at least—though I dare say he was no more than a brahmin; but as the other Hindoos hold themselves in when a brahmin passes 'em by in the street, or a cow—as a matter of course, though, not prudence, as the case is when a hansom cabby defers to a fire-engine, because a brahmin can't so much as lay a finger on you unless you're another brahmin, being which you needn't stop—because in India there's hardly any distinction between habits and customs—He had an innate habit of walking with reserve. We used to call him Othello.

Not a bad name, sir. Othello was a sporting chap, when all's said and done.

I never said it was a bad name. He took it for no worse than a compliment, though he disliked the circumcised Moslem. Besides, I don't suppose he'd ever heard of Shakespeare; and if he had, I don't see how he could have conceived a high opinion of him.

Why?—I mean how? You don't mean to say that they've got as good a dramatist in India as old Shakespeare?

Bother him, if they have. Let 'em keep him the same as we keep ours, in lavender and naphtholene to cut into for patching their breeches. But what was I saying about him?

This Indian. He used to 'old forth about philosophy.

Good. So he did. He was strong in it. He didn't make a continuous protest against the universe the same as you or I would do, if we were minded the philosophical way. He moulded divers soothing explanations, Sam Bird, to account for things which either puzzle one's head or else pass it by with contempt. I don't believe I could give you any immediate conception of the florid, noble and peaceful design he used to impose on what to me was all confusion and riot—and is so still, in parts. I dare say he did some violence to what will turn out to be the truth when everything is known, but it was surely only the benign sort of violence that a butterfly does to its ugly, leathery, overcrowded pupal case when it escapes to the wind. With the aid of Othello and a pipe, and sometimes a tumbler, I used to assume the humble superiority one has in a good dream. The worst was that my Indian friend, with all his fine quality of thinking, spoke his English very badly.

—Expressed himself broken, like.

No! not broken. He spoke with feeling about the oppression of the poor, and the inhumanity of the laws, and about the need of forgiving injuries. But when he descended to abstract things, such as mind, and soul, and spirit, and such-like, he left them in such an unfinished state that I can't but think that here and there I gathered an incomplete sense from his remarks. Not that I was infallibly a loser by so doing. In those days, busying myself with a branch of science, I took the trouble of learning to read German, and as if it wasn't enough to read German pathology I began to read German poetry. I read in a book by Goethe—

Faust. A very fine performance, though entirely in German. The only line in Faust that took my fancy was this: People come to grief in pairs; —but it isn't in Faust at all, or anywhere else, I do believe. It was the wrong intelligence I got from a line of poetry that said a different thing altogether to anybody who had mastered the language so as to read it correctly. It's a fine saying, though it may not be true—the man who first said brevity was the soul of wit would have done better to turn it the other way about, and say wit is the soul of brevity. So seeing that the Hindoo had no more designed or undesigned intention than a child of misleading me at my own expense, everything I heard him say must have been as true as could be. So that part of Othello's philosophy that liked me best may have been the one that I grasped most loosely, and it can't have been the worse for it. It needed the world not to be one world, but many; a new one born every fraction of a second. Each world proceeded in its place through all the stages of its existence, and they were all exactly alike—in posse; differing only in esse, which, as they say, is percipi. When the cinematograph came out I may have begun to understand this oriental doctrine better, if it was that I could remember it at the time—only to complete the idea one has to think of each picture in the ribbon of pictures as itself moving through all the acts—or facts—of the drama, being at any time a moment later than the one before, and a moment in advance of the one in the rear. We live in one of those images. The Birds and the Johnsons who live in the others are complete strangers to us in all the ways we know of, and always will be, till something is done about it. The scheme may seem not to consist in detail with the doctrine of the Incarnation; but the Incarnation is a mystery. So perhaps the inwardness of the mystery may not discord with the vision of a manifold world as much as the uninstructed world would be obliged to think. Are you listening, Sam Bird?

It's mighty rum, all the same.

That's what I thought, at first; but I got used to it. One doesn't begin to understand the world till first one understands that it's incomprehensible. I dare say that people are not so much different but the thing which happened to me may have happened to others. I made up a history about it, with myself as the top character. Some time, I've no doubt, *you* let your mind run on an imaginary story about yourself.

Yes—I have, once or twice. I wanted to think some day I got a chance to lay out a few pounds on a horse to train by myself—one with a wind that put the other buyers off. Then I nursed him and trained him till he was such a sure stayer that I was able to enter him for the National.

With the owner up?

Naturally.

And he won, of course, infallibly. And so he would, unless you were one of those gloomy realists.

Yes, sir. He won. There was some bad going over the water. It was just luck, because every other starter in a field of thirty-four fell. And naturally I backed myself with every penny I had. And the way I was led off the course—I'll take an oath Nat Gould couldn't have done it better.

I hope you weren't extravagant or foolish, Sam. There's no surer indication of a man's nature, whether it's a good one or only a poor one, I maintain, than the way he employs a fortune that he hasn't got.

I don't believe that there is!

The dream that I indulged was more sordid and private. It wouldn't stir a spark of sympathy in anybody, because it was impious. I wanted to think of escaping from the usury of time. Every mortal thing was outstripping me. So I made me a door in the wall of my room—one that nobody else in the world could know of; and as soon as I was on the other side of it, I was free of the clocks. The world business stopped. Time stood still, and dee-ess equalled zero. Needless to say, I became a lot wiser than all the rest of the world, who hadn't any such loops in their hurried existence, and no similar cloud to be their automobile for transporting them from one moment to the same moment through an infinity. Boethius was locked up for life by the emperor of Rome on a charge of treason—there was no habeas-corpus in those days—but it seems his mind was set at liberty. He was able to use his time in prison no better than I used mine in my lodgings—Happy were he who could untie the string that keeps him on the ground, he said: *Felix qui potuit terrae gravis solvere vincula*. So in there I sat, becoming wiser than all mankind because I had time. When years had passed, I used to come back and pick up the moment I had laid down as good as

new. My mind was years older, but my body and the world's body were just the same. How many hours of mean-time I spent, I never knew. They were lost, and I gained nothing; unless what I am is any better than what I would have been without them.

. . . If one had time, they used to say. As if it wasn't enough to have a cell where eternity took no more notice, I was obliged to have a window in it like a kodak's, and make it moveable like Good Friday or a hotel lift, and visit the other systems—find out what the rings of Saturn were made of, and the garters of Venus, and see the alleged nebulae from the inside—those petrified stellar storms that the spectroscope is used to calculate instead of a barometer. (Sam Bird!) It was always the same—I began to quit my native system, as well, and look in upon the systems of the others—it was astounding, to see oneself in a tailor's mirror without the mirror—and even systems before I was born. I grew deadly serious, almost dead—that's the reward for being superior to your own destiny. And I must have grown contemptuous of humanity—that's the punishment for patronising your ancestors, and trying to introduce the electric telegraph and printing press among the Romans, who don't need them. And neutrally, as one might say, between the reward and the punishment, when I made a utopia populated by my own progeny—because needless to say I wasn't always on a pedestal—I had the satisfaction of seeing it come to grief in a few thousand years. The arts and sciences which I established and instilled in my character of patriarch-magistrate, they only vanished, and in the low latitude I had chosen the idyllic population became little better than pigs. The reason for the degeneration is obvious. In addition to making up a language for them, it was my plain duty to have made up a religion also, and to have forged a system of dirty mythology that would have given them something to think about, that wasn't sheer and obvious. But I thought it beneath my genius to do any such thing. I only planed away all their good vices, and so, after a few generations, they had no curiosity, no mystery, no speculation about themselves, and they just became innocent bipeds with no voice in the garden to scare them out of their senses, now and then. My modesty wrecked the project. Of course that sort of thing was never intended to be my job. It's said somewhere that nobody can do anything

good on his own. Not even God, if we judge by his remarks to himself in Genesis'. But very soon things began to change. One night a hand came out of the looking-glass——

Heh ! ?

You seem to be tired, Sam Bird.

Rather, I've been on my feet since before five this morning. But did I understand you to say something, sir ?

Yes, about a hand intervening. A detaining hand—on no account must be kept waiting. I threw my pipe behind the fire, and tried to think no more about it. It's nine o'clock. Take the glasses into the kitchen. Mrs. Johnson will be back any minute.

You hadn't anything on at Newmarket to-day, sir. What I was going to say was, about the wire to Prince—do you fancy anything in the Eclipse, to-morrow ?

Yes ; I thought of having a few pounds on Bold and Bad. That'll do. Seven to two against, and Bullock's the jockey.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

NIGHT ON THE CONTINENT

Cultured "world"—a *world*, we think. Long, wide ranges of men interested in things. Large repercussions of a new discovery. Everybody reading the last book of importance, discussing the fundamental theories in each scientific field, hearkening to the learned and the specialist as he describes the new face of the world.

To-day we cannot gratify this optimism. When we speak of European culture, European learning, we mean a very restricted number of men—and nobody is really interested in all possible acquisition of human thought and beauty. Everybody has a particular field of interest—even the aesthetician, for instance, does not know anything about music nor the mathematician anything about the last developments of geology.

But, you will say, are not specialists *cultured* men? They can be cultured men and they can also not be. They are specialists, the learned, the scientists. Culture begins at a lower level, where everybody can understand and really get a general if elementary view, a little blurred about the edges, of what has been reached in every field.

'Tis strange, but we must confess that the cultured man, the man superficially acquainted with the condition of human knowledge to-day in its widest sense is even rarer than the specialist closed up in his special lore. Even in literary sets there is not a literary culture in this sense. One set will be tolerably acquainted, for instance, with French literature and another with English—but nobody can pretend to a real "literary culture," that is to a tolerable knowledge of the actual conditions of literature the whole world over.

It is easy to object that literature and science and art are to-day too wide, too fruitful, too multiform to allow of a real *general* knowledge. But it is not so. The really important books in each literature, the fundamental discoveries of each science, the leading names in each art are very few. And there is not a man so occupied with bread-getting, there is not a brain so limited as to make it impossible for the commonly cultured man to get a bird's-eye view of the whole field of modern culture, to keep himself up to date about everything.

The dire fact is that to-day "culture" in Europe is at its lowest ebb, because there is no real large and living *interest* in culture.

To the specialist culture is a profession. Perhaps a *calling*, a vocation—but a vocation to a special research, to a peculiar form of creation. For the common man culture is either snobbishness or the means to pass away in easy reading some hours of leisure. Nobody is really interested in knowing how human thought is getting on.

Consequently, the legendary "progress of popular learning" is measured by the percentage of human individuals capable of drawing up their signature. This merely technical accomplishment of being capable of writing had to be taken as the standard of culture. This is proof sufficient to show that our world has lost besides the love of culture, even the right *idea* of culture in general.

Colleges and Universities are at the utmost capable of making men understand the daily paper—if that. We can consider the paper as the standard of modern

culture—because very few people read anything besides the paper. Even the most high-browed newspaper can give us, however, but a very discouraging idea of the general culture of to-day.

It is only fair to confront the reader with the real outline of modern culture and to make him realise the sense in which it can be understood before commencing to draw up a faithful account of European culture in these years of disgrace. I mean indeed to consider only such discoveries and productions which are capable of being drawn into the culture of the common man, or which are so important as to affect the whole edifice of culture. But I don't mean by this that such productions and discoveries have really entered the common mind, that there is really a class of men in our Europe which can be described as the "world" of culture.

At the end of the war, there were practically three names which took the field, but I don't think everybody, in the higher classes, is to-day capable of giving a superficial and elementary, but tolerably exact, account of their theories, of the new ideas they brought into our world.

Freud, Bergson, Einstein, in three most important cultural fields, seemed to lead up to a new world, to a new culture. Some ten years ago, they were the leading figures of our civilisation.

The import of each one of them in his own field was widely different. Bergson indeed was a philosopher among others. His influence began already in the nineties and led about many interpretations—interpretations which pointed unmistakably towards a renewal of religious thought as a legitimate philosophical problem. But really Bergson's philosophy was an elementary one. The big mistakes, the contradictions, the superficial critical bases of it had been at once denounced by Julian Benda. But his voice was unheard: Bergson's philosophy is so easy as to render any serious preparatory study for it unnecessary. Moreover, Bergsonism gives an easy justification to the irrational tendencies of our world. It can be easily understood even by the blue stocking—a leading element in our culture from the eighteenth century onwards. Whilst earnest philosophers all over the world pursued a patient deep work, such names as Alexander's, Husserl's, Scheler's remained household words only for a restricted circle of *real* philosophers.

The Bergson epidemic expanded over France. It did not really expand over Europe, because other even easier philosophies were then rising in other countries: already before the war the buoyant pragmatism of W. James and the Italian philosophy of Croce. Both James and Croce eulogised Bergson, endowed him with a sort of citizenship in their systems. And the influence grew as all three directions lead to easy literary interpretations: fiction and poetry indeed give to philosophers their world-wide renown. We already saw this process with Nietzsche in the last decade of the nineteenth century: all literary men fell for Nietzsche, and misunderstood him in such a way as to render it impossible for the earnest philosopher to deal honestly with him. Only to-day Nietzsche is reaching to a certain philosophical consequence because literature has grown tired of him.

Immediately after the war the fashion was with the disconsolate historicism of Spengler. Polemics raged, old and new historians protested, the common man listened and thought he had probed with Spengler the depths of pessimism. There was yet another deeper step to take : and amongst the philosophers, in the school of Husserl, with the profound and interesting research of the phenomenological school, rose, about eight years ago, the strange philosophy of Heidegger. Germany seemed infected by an Heidegger-bacillus. Every philosophical and theological school thought it necessary to take up a position towards the doctrine of human life as *Sorge* (preoccupation). But the book of Heidegger, '*Sein und Zeit*,' was only the first part of his great ontology : the second part has not yet appeared, so that it seems Heidegger has been unable to conclude the task he took upon himself. His interests are now, it seems, bound up with the Hitlerian reconstruction of the German universities—what can come from it ? it is yet on the knees of the gods, possibly of the German gods of Walhalla. Anyway Heidegger's philosophy has foundered completely, and the old researches go on, worked by skilled specialists. Many new tendencies and hints are being examined and pursued. When contemporary racialism shall have gone the way of all flesh, then the final products of Husserl's phenomenology, Hartmann's metaphysics of knowledge, Dilthey's doctrine of man as a complex unity, Klages' descriptive psychology ought to come to the surface—and with these the results of a deeper probing into the philosophical interpretation of Freud's and Einstein's theories.

It is perfectly useless to expound again the purport and the general ideas of those two leaders of European thought. Their results, as we can value them to-day with sufficient probability, are widely different.

Einstein is always in the limelight : he cannot really "go under." Modern physics are conditioned by his teaching, which enlarges and brings new fruits with the passing of years. New theories are continuously arising and changing—changing even the landscape of the universe as Einstein saw it dawning from 1906 to 1916.

Happily Einstein's theories are of a strict mathematical significance. The common man can only really see the outskirts of them. Poincaré said that there were no more than six or seven persons in the world who could be able to understand them fully. To-day the general interest for physics has perhaps caused an increase in the number of specialists, but general culture can only accept certain understandable results and cannot react on the serious work of scientists in this field. There cannot be a degeneration of Einstein's teaching through its being diffused amongst the superficially learned people of the salons and the popular reviews. But upon actual culture Einstein and the new physics can leave no more trace than the sound of certain names—Schrödinger's, de Broglie's, Heisenberg's, etc.—as of men deep into the confidence of the atom, mysterious magicians who deal with nobody knows precisely what. This is the first condition for ensuring the steady growth and fruition of Einstein's work. Even philosophers—I mean earnest philosophers who don't succumb to the fashion and only speak about things they really are capable of understanding—are now leaving physics alone and leaving scientists to do the philosophical interpretation of their highly specialised methods and hypotheses.

Bergson in France, Croce and after him Gentile in Italy were indeed so easy that every elementary school teacher, every drawing-room bore could enlarge on them, apply them, write about any problem in their peculiar jargon.

To-day this huge deluge of "élan vital" and pure intuition and pure act is at the end of its tether. And it is really interesting and revealing as to the tendencies of actual European culture to probe the reasons and ways of their downfall.

We can consider Bergson as definitely finished with his book of two years ago about morality and religion. For thirty years Bergson permitted every philosopher to use his system on behalf of any and every political or religious idea. Le Roy, Blondel, on the side of Catholicism; Sorel as a syndicalist connected in some way with Bergson. Lately Bergson, after having permitted the most incongruous conclusions to be drawn from his theory, without protesting when it was not what he meant, and gaining by this indulgence wider and wider renown, has dared to expose his ideas about religion and morality. The book was really a great disillusion. A number of isolated observations, a cheap scepticism about every religion and all religion, a mechanical explanation which cannot be taken in earnest even by the most naive reader. "Les deux bases de la morale et de la religion" are the burial stones on Bergson's influence in European thought.

As for Croce and Gentile their downfall was due to the same artificial means by which they gained a renown larger than their slight originality really exacted. Their ideas were easy and capable of wide applications: and on top of this the two authors carried on an unheard-of political campaign and play for influence.

Croce, a very rich man then, had a publishing house and a review of his own. Completely independent from university teaching, he began at the opening of this century to assemble around himself a number of people on the basis of absolute fidelity to his teaching. The disciples commenced to discuss and insult every literary critic, every university teacher who did not accept Crocianism, so as to form a set which in a very short term of years took a sort of dictatorship on Italian culture. You could not be widely known, you could not reach any eminence if you were not known personally to Croce and had not sworn allegiance to him. This state of things began to fade at the beginning of the war. Croce, an avowed philogermanist, saw the younger generation of literary men and critics, ready to hearken to him, leave the book for the battlefield and return thence with no idea of returning to the bosom of the man who could not follow *them* when they had, with the rash enthusiasm of youth, chosen the war against all those blessings of German culture and statalism which were so highly praised by Croce. Even the short life of Croce as minister of public education immediately after the war failed to bring about a revival of his influence. He heaped on his friends every possible charge for the direction of Italian culture. But although his thought could easily be brought into accord with Fascist principles, he resisted, in consequence of his traditionalism and political compromises, the rising wave and was swept away with the remains of pre-war Italy, by the revolution.

The scant sense of humanity in Croce, his unfeelingness towards the new generations were probably the outcome of a scholar's mind. Moreover, Gentile,

a man come from his intimate circle, was readier to swear allegiance to ascendant Fascism and outdid his old teacher in renown. Gentile began to detach himself from Croce even before the war ; after the war he began to address his philosophy to pedagogic aims. As the school in Italy stood in dire need of a renewal, he was soon surrounded by a scarcely critical crowd of elementary teachers and theorists of education, so that Fascism triumphant found in him the man most adapted to bring about the great reform of education. This cannot but be counted to an high merit of Gentile. Even if nowadays his followers have brought the new Italian school very far from the noble aims Gentile dreamed of for it, we cannot forget, in spite of the many defects of the man, his work for a better, higher, nobler Italy.

The darkest side in Gentile's work was his protective position towards everybody who vouched for the truth of his philosophical teaching. Nobody but an avowed Gentilianist could hope to get places in the Italian schools, and to justify such nepotism he represented his philosophy as the only possible philosophy of Fascism. Sometimes it seemed he meant really to put everybody who did not accept his peculiar form of idealism beyond the pale. Certainly the younger university teachers of to-day passed—had to pass—through a moment of integral Gentilianism.

But this effort to make of his actualism the general explanation of all aspects of so big and new a phenomenon as Fascism is was too much for it. Fascism went on without troubling about a philosophical justification from Gentile and his followers. It has grown out of this sort of philosophical nurse and to-day the schools and the books are full of the disjunct members of the theory of art as pure intuition and of philosophy as the pure act. Croce and Gentile are spoken of only to show their insufficiencies, their *parti-pris*, and to prove that their whilom followers have outgrown them—although the places they occupy in Italian culture are by most part an effect of Croce's and Gentile's nepotism.

So that the panorama of philosophy whether in Italy or in France wears anything but pleasing aspect. A battle field where no battle was fought : a few Huns carried out the serious work of retired thinkers, closed up in their ivory towers, and created a general disinterestedness in regard to philosophical problems. It is not so bad as it seems : for some years to come philosophers cannot count on great popularity for their accomplishments and therefore can go on and on working silently and retiredly—therefore earnestly and deeply.

Germany took another road. Philosophy has always been popular in Germany which has a real philosophical tradition ; that is to say, in Germany culture is actually connected with philosophical thought which does not rise to the honour of national renown here and there but is actually a constant counterpart of every turn of art and thought.

Whilst in other countries there are epochs practically free from philosophy (and this is sometimes good for them) in Germany there are always new ideas and new systems which are harmonically pursued from teacher to disciple and go on, ramifying continuously and producing at every moment something new. A philosophical fashion does not follow a single philosopher who is actually in the lime-light of culture, but the most followed and discussed and interesting philosopher amongst a number of others equally known and followed.

Completely different is the destiny of psychoanalysis. Freud was perhaps, at the beginning of his career, an earnest worker and a scientific thinker. But he was possibly seduced by the literary and philosophical enthusiasms about his theories and was day by day persuaded to commercialise his teaching and to extend it to every field of human knowledge. He was the first to apply psychoanalysis to literary criticism, to philosophy, to religion, to every possible human activity. The foolish interest of our decadent world in sex-matters gained him followers in all fields of culture, because his theory was such as to grant an appearance of science to pornography in disguise and at the same time justify sexual interests as the only sane way of living.

Freud gave indeed a sort of general absolution, both scientific and ethical, to every writer who thought that sex is really the most interesting thing in the world and to the common man in his baser needs to speak about women and love. Following on the footprints of Freud, we could all speak of sex as of a cultural problem and indulge our pornographic whims under the cover of high science.

This was the real reason of Freud's fortune on the Continent. But this fortune was without stable ground. Freud was indeed a psychiatric scientist, his theory was proposed at first only as medical theory and a way of curing some of the rarer forms of hysterics. Whilst the scientific world of physicians was yet in doubt and wary of Freud's methods (which are really by no means new, but only a generalisation and application of the medical theories of Charcot and sexual ideas of many sexualists, among others of Weininger) Freud began to generalise, literary people began to play fast and loose with the theory, and every woman who had not found a suitable mate and every man who could not find a means of getting his pleasure in the approved way were convinced that Freud was his (or her) predestined leader and prophet.

We can only say that sound science is still very far from admitting Freud's theories to its special field of possible application. Freudism has therefore no sound basis. It can at best be considered as an amusement for salons and good copy for cheap novelettes. Its fortune in our culture is on the wane. Serious voices are making themselves felt, counselling people to amuse themselves if they like, but to desist from searching for a justification in a sort of pansexualism which is the most comic production of the culture of the Depression.

MARIO M. ROSSI.

January 1935—XIII

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus.

THE DRAPIER'S LETTERS.

WHEN William Wood, the iron manufacturer, purchased from a mistress of the English King the rights of introducing a copper coinage into Ireland, he brought about two things that neither he nor anybody else could have foreseen. The first was a notable revival of the spirit of Irish nationalism, a revival which was to grow in fervour and intensity during the next sixty years; the second (from which the first largely sprang) was a contribution to the literature of controversy of a kind hardly equalled elsewhere. The *Drapier's Letters*, which were chiefly responsible for killing Wood's project, remain for ever not only amongst the things written by Swift for which immortality is decreed, but also as some of the finest documents ever published in defence of a nation's liberties.

A definitive edition of the *Drapier* has long been overdue, and now it comes, in the form in which one hoped it would come, from the Oxford University Press. Professor Davis of Toronto, who edits it, has done his work not only competently, but brilliantly. Every page bears the hallmark of sound scholarship and untiring research. The text is given a final shape, the obscurities are removed, the allusions are explained; the large body of pamphlet and broadside literature that grew up, mushroom-like, about Wood's Halfpence, is carefully examined and genuine Swift separated from mere Swiftiana.

Here, we are only concerned with the bibliography. It was the section of the book to which I first turned, expecting to be interested, but not startled. I have, from time to time, over a period of many years, handled—as I had imagined—all the Letters of the Drapier in their original editions, and I had never looked upon them as a difficult bibliographical problem. Second issues were to be looked for, of course, for Swift himself had severely chided his printer for allowing the first Letter to go out of print within a short time of publication, and what was more likely than that Harding, smarting under the Dean's rebuke, would run off another impression? And we already knew that this was what had actually occurred and that in the second issues there were differences in the imprint and the general setting.

But Professor Davis has made a discovery which is of the most unexpected nature and at the same time of the first importance. In the Goldsmiths' Library, belonging to the University of London, he has located what would appear to be a unique copy of the first Drapier Letter. It is in folio—four pages printed in double columns—a format which differs entirely from that of the hitherto accepted first edition in small octavo, and from that of all the other Letters as well. The imprint is: "Dublin: Printed by John Harding in Molesworth's-Court, 1723-4." The small octavo edition, as Swift collectors are aware, is undated, but is generally believed to have been issued in March, 1723-4. Professor Davis holds that the folio was issued in February and that "this is undoubtedly the first edition." But the evidence, as given, appears to me to be too slender to be altogether conclusive. Swift, writing to Ford in February, first mentions the copper money, but does not refer to any pamphlet written by himself. Writing again in April he says: "I do not know whether I told you that I sent out a small pamphlet under the name of the Drapier . . . about 2,000 of them

have been dispersed." From this Professor Davis deduces that "the first letter was written as early as February, 1723-4."

But writing is no proof of publication and it is, it seems to me, unwise to build too strong a case on such slight material. Swift, it will be noticed, never refers to the folio edition at all, but only to the "small pamphlet." Here is a case, if ever there was one, for suspended judgment. It can be paralleled by two other pamphlet publications of Swift in which a different printer is concerned—Grierson—in which folio and octavo editions appeared bearing the same date and possibly simultaneously.

For the rest, the bibliography seems to approach finality as nearly as is humanly possible. Professor Davis had not, it is true, seen or heard of the copy of a small quarto edition of the *Letter to the Shopkeepers* recently discovered in Ireland. But here there is no mystery; although it bears no date, printer's name or place of printing, it is undoubtedly the work of Samuel Terry of Limerick, whose edition of the Second Letter is known and who speaks of it on the Title-page of that edition.

THE DRAPIER'S LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND. By Jonathan Swift.
Edited by Herbert Davis. (Oxford, the Clarendon Press. 21s.).

* * * *

THE BOOK CRAFTSMAN. No. 2. (Pear Tree Press, Bognor Regis. 2s. 6d.).

In the Spring number of the *Book Craftsman*, Mr. James Guthrie, himself a notable exponent of the art of printing, continues with apostolic zeal his campaign for the betterment of book-production. His article on "The Plan of the Page" enunciates the rules, simple but sure, which are necessary for sound proportion; his own pages look so "right" that they may serve as a model. In Mr. Guthrie, one sees an original mind at work, never afraid of experiment, yet respectful of tradition; he will advance with the times, but like a true craftsman, is a sworn enemy of the "mechanised" book. "When some celebrated journalist," he says, "in unusual confidence, tells the world that the New Age will witness a more thorough elimination of the human element from newspaper production and journalism, I see in him not the prophet of progress but the eternal schoolboy grown fat and out-of-condition, knowing that what guides him is a desire for easier rather than better ways of doing things." The human element, which alone can guard beauty in an age of vandalism, will never be lacking whilst enthusiasts possessed of Mr. Guthrie's artistry survive.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FOOL OF VENUS. The Story of Peire Vidal. By George Cronyn, with an Introduction by Eric Linklater. Pp. 438. London: Jonathan Cape. 1934. 8s. 6d. net.

This romance (for it is romance not history) raises the question of the latitude which may be allowed to a writer of fiction who chooses to deal with historical personages. I will not quarrel with the acceptance of legend, even where it can be proved to be without foundation. Nor is there any objection to filling up the gaps in the historical data provided the general tone is kept and no anachronisms are introduced. The use of imaginary personages may also be defended. You may even imagine motives for the acts of your personages, provided these motives do not clash with their known character.

I begin my criticisms with the list of "Some Historical Persons of the Chronicle," from which I pick out the statement that "Guillaume des Baux, brother of Adélasie, . . . held the title of Prince of Orange, which passed by devious ways to the royal house of England."

The only King of England who was Prince of Orange was William III. On his death in 1702, a number of claimants appeared: the Prince of Nassau-Sieghem, the King of Prussia, the Duchess of Nemours, the Prince of Conti, the Marchioness of Mailly, the Marquis d'Allègre, etc. The Principality was adjudged by Louis XIV (who had no legal claim) to the Prince of Conti. But the title, without the possession of Orange, continued to be claimed by William IV of Nassau, and by the house of Mailly, the heirs of both bearing the empty title until to-day.

Mr. Cronyn has accepted as true the legendary account of the life of Peire Vidal, and has embroidered on it a romantic story. I take no exception to this: a novelist may take his material where he will. But if he makes a parade of meticulous detail, we are entitled to require that it shall be correct, in so far as it is a matter of history. And it is here that I criticize Mr. Cronyn.

I therefore grant Mr. Cronyn the marriage of Peire Vidal with the daughter of the Byzantine Emperor. Jean de Nostredame tells the story that "*oultre mer il devint amoureux d'une Grecque belle femme qu'il espousa, et lui faisoit on accroire qu'elle estoit niece de l'empereur de Constantinople*" (Mr. Cronyn has, be it noted, gone beyond the legend in making her actually the daughter of Andronicus Comnenus and the reputed daughter of Isaac of Cyprus). I grant him the kiss he gave Azalais wife of Barral of Marseille, even though it is demonstrable from Peire Vidal's own poems that the lady from whom he stole the kiss was not her, but Raimbauda de Biolh (xx 24 sq, xxxiii 37. Cf. Jeanroy I, p. 114 note). I grant him the story of Vidal's relations with la Loba de Puegnautier, although he betrays his ignorance of Provençal in making Vidal assume the name

of " Monsenher Loba, or, as one would say, Sir Wolf " ! The masculine of Loba is Lops, as he might have seen in the Provençal legendary life of his hero. " En P. Vidals si se fazia apelar lops per ela, e portava armas de lop."

But there is a great deal I cannot grant. To begin with the use of " audiart " (p. 12 and passim) for an apprentice (" a lower degree than jongleur "—*Glossary*). The word " audiart " never had that meaning. It is a woman's name, curiously enough used as their " senhal " by Raimon de Miraval and Raimond VI of Toulouse (Cf. Jeanroy I p. 161).

The fly-leaf map is disfigured by absurd errors: Perpignon, Barrale (as passim in the book), Gulf of Lyon, La Belle Cavalier.

The greater part of Provence was not held in fief by Raimon V. (pp. 12-13). Constance, wife of Raimon V. was not English (p. 13, p. 37, p. 193). She was the daughter of Louis VI. le Gros of France. She was the widow of the son of King Stephen, it is true, but King Stephen and his son were not English. The " alba he had made for the fair daughter of a cook " (p. 13) is not by Peire Vidal, but by Guillem de Cabestaing, and is not an alba. The monk of Montauban (p. 16, etc.) should be " of Montaudun " ! Barrale (p. 16 and passim) is a woman's name. Barral had a daughter of that name married to Hugues de Baux. No tension between P. Vidal and Peyrols (*sic*) is extant. The Courts of Love are a myth (p. 24) circulated by Jean de Nostredame and invented by André le Chapelain (beginning of thirteenth century) in his *De Arte honeste amandi*, and reinforced after him by Martial d'Auvergne (1533) in his *Arresta Amorum* (Cf. Anglade, pp. 25-26). The name " carros " applies only to a piece by Raimbaut de Vaqueyras in honour of Beatrice, daughter of Boniface II of Montferrat. Peire Vidal could not have been asked to sing a " carros " (p. 27).

" Raimon Roger, nephew of the Good Count Raimon " (p. 38) was the nephew of Raimon VI, and the grandson of Raimon V.

Why the misspellings Peire Cardinal (p. 39, etc.), Alazais (*sic*), (p. 39) Janfie Rudel (*sic*) (p. 64, etc.), Mélisset of Tripoli (p. 75).

These are trifles compared with the errors in connection with Adélasie des Baux, wife of Barral, Viscount of Marseille. Why " des Baux " instead of " de Baux " ? She was not Countess of Saluza (p. 47). Another Azalais, sister of Boniface I of Montferrat married (1182) Manfred II, Marquis of Saluza. Hugues of Les Baux (why Hugues, not Uc ?) was not " brother to the Lady Adélasie " (p. 47). Uc IV (ob. 1240) was the brother of Bertran (ob. 1193) and Guillem (ob. 1218) Prince of Orange and King of Arles. Uc IV married Barrale, the daughter of Raimon Jaufre Barral, vicomce de Marseille (ob. 1192). Barral married Adélasie of Roquemartine and after his separation from her, shortly before his death, a certain Marie whose parentage is not definitely known. Mas-Latrie makes her the daughter of Guillaume VIII, of Montpellier and Eudoxia, daughter of Manuel Comnenus ; according to him she married in 1194 Barral, then in 1197 Bernard IV of Comminges, and finally in 1204 Pedro II of Aragon. The brothers of Baux were the sons of Bertrand (ob. 1181) and the heiress of Orange. He

was indeed the son of Raymon (*sic*) de Baux. Bertrand had indeed a brother Hugues (Uc III), uncle of Uc IV.

The "Laws of Love" (p. 53) could not have been "in the hands of Good Count Raimon," since the *Leys d' Amors* are posterior to 1323!

Why if the Provençal forms Sant, Santa, are to be used (p. 68), do the Saints themselves not have their Provençal names, instead of Maximin, Marcelle, Sidonius, Marie the Magdalene?

It is quite certain that the "Amors de terra lonhdana" of Jaufre Rudel, despite the legend, was not a Comtesse de Tripoli. Odierne, wife of Raimon I of Tripoli (ob. 1152), ruled as regent till 1161. Her daughter Mélissende was too young in 1147.

I know of no jongleur Aimonet (p. 77).

Peire Cadenet (p. 84). Why Peire? His first name is unknown. I doubt if he was known before circa 1200.

Why Hugues Brunenc for Uc Brunenc (p. 85)? What authority is there for supposing that P. Vidal (p. 88) wrote in French to the countess of Cabaretz:

Je m'en voiz, dame, à Dieu le creator . . . ?

Bernart de Ventadoen was not "on his way to the abbey of Dalon" in 1190. Mr. Cronyn is four years too early.

The princess Aloysia (p. 100) was not the daughter of Philippe Auguste. Richard Coeur-de-Lion's fiancée was the daughter of Louis VII (ob. 1180) and Constance of Castille, and thus the half-sister of Philippe Auguste and of Agnes who married the Emperors Alexis IV and Andronicus Comnenus. She was called Adelaide.

"misprision" (p. 113, p. 156) is used in a wrong sense.

I admit that Mr. Cronyn may indeed be justified in making Beatrice del Carreto the daughter of Boniface II of Montferrat (p. 141). There appears to be considerable doubt about this lady's parentage. All we know for certain is that the Dauphin Comte d'Albon, Guignes X married circa 1155 a Beatrice who, on his death, married Enrico del Carreto (c. 1163). But she was certainly not married to the latter at the age of 12 (Some Historical Persons). She may have been the sister of Boniface II but can hardly have been his daughter.

We also know that the daughter* of William IV of Montferrat (ob. 1225), and thus the grand daughter of Boniface II, also a Beatrice, married in 1220

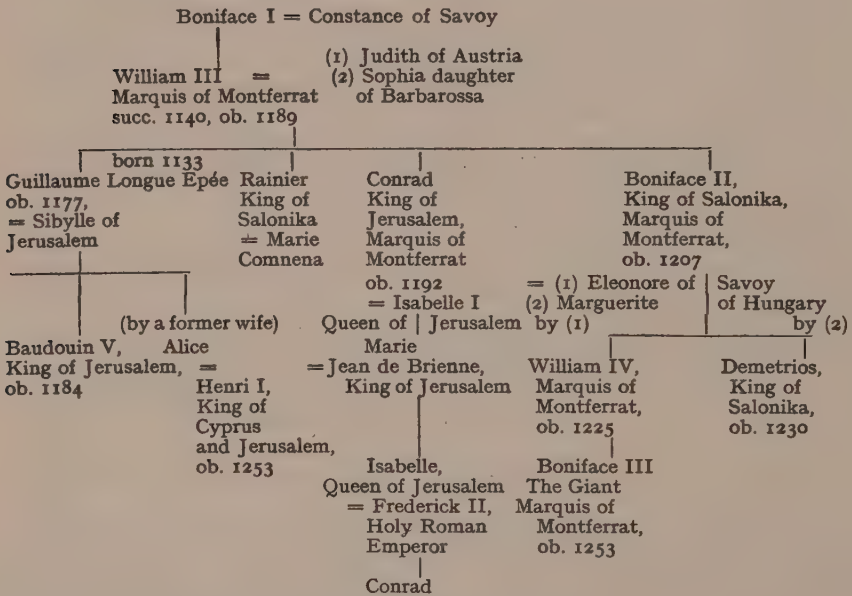
* Beatrice was the daughter, not the sister, of William IV, as appears from a precept of the Emperor Frederick II, dated at Alba, March 1238, granting her a "péage."

André Dauphin Comte d'Albon, grandson of Guignes X through the latter's daughter, another Beatrice and her second husband Hugues III Duke of Burgundy.

It is probable that this second Beatrice was "Le Bel Cavalier," but this is not certain.

But our Marquis of Montferrat had not "a father and a brother who were kings" (p. 141). His father was not a king, he had two brothers, Rainier and Conrad, who were kings, and a third who was the father of a king. He had a son, too, who was a king, and he was from 1204 a king himself.

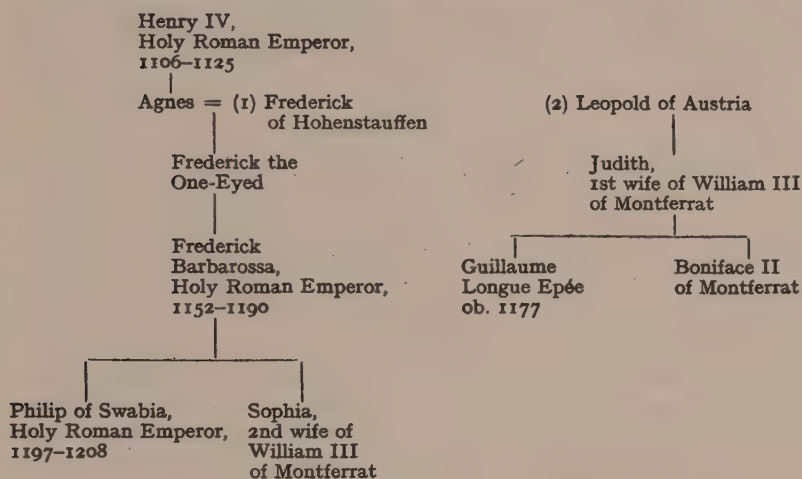
The following table shows the relationships:—



Boniface's daughter Agnes married the Latin Emperor Henry I.

The genealogy at the foot of p. 273 is correct. But how is Bonifaz (p. 274) "the brother-in-law of the aunt of young Alexis?" The aunt of young Alexis was Sophia, second wife of William III of Montferrat. Bonifaz was the son of William's first wife, Judith of Austria, aunt of Frederick Barbarossa and great-aunt of Sophia. Moreover William III was not Guillaume Longespada (why this mixture of French and Italian?). Guillaume Longue-Epée was a son of William III of Montferrat, and a brother of Boniface II (Bonifaz).

The following table shows these relationships :—



It is absurd to talk of "the Court of King Amfos where they didn't know an alba from a capon" (p. 134). Amfos (Alfonso II) of Aragon was a patron of the troubadours and a poet himself.

What justification has Mr. Cronyn (p. 140) for the alleged cruelty to his wife of Barral?

Mr. Cronyn refers to Aimar, Count of Die and Valence." The title of Count of Die was not in use from 1168 till 1307. (Cf. Jeanroy I 313). Aymar I of Poitiers, Comte de Valentinois was the son of Guillaume I of Poitiers, and Beatrice, daughter of Guignes IV, Dauphin de Viennois. His wife was, indeed, Philippine, his son Guillaume II. But none of them possessed Die.

"Azalais, Countess of Burlatz" (p. 187) was not the wife of Viscount Raimon Roger, but his mother and the wife of Roger II of Béziers (1169-1194).

Mr. Cronyn refers (p. 259) to the "Canon Béthune." Quesnes or Conon de Béthune was not a canon. He was "bail" (regent) of the Latin Empire in 1219. The death of Pons de Capduelh is antedated (p. 272). He lived till after 1220 and probably till near 1236. The poem: "Ah! Love, how hard it is to leave you" was written by Conon soon after 1187! The reference to a "baronetcy" (p. 273, p. 277) is an absurd anachronism.

These inaccuracies must suffice! there are others. I wish Mr. Cronyn, who has written a readable story, especially in the unhistorical parts of his romance, would abandon the irritating habit of mingling French, Italian and Provençal in his proper names, and discourage the obsession of his heroines to strip themselves!

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

EARLY VICTORIAN NOVELISTS. ESSAYS IN REVALUATION. By David Cecil. Constable. 10s. net.

To appreciate the good points of the age immediately preceding one's own has always been difficult. The Romantics completely failed to see the virtues of the Augustans, and for the intelligent young of the beginning of the twentieth century, nourished (or rather underfed) on Proust and Joyce and kindred introverts, Dickens and Thackeray did not exist. After thirty-five years of hard words there are now indications of the Victorians regaining prestige. Mr. Humbert Wolfe has recently published a eulogistic little work on Tennyson and Mr. Osbert Sitwell one on Dickens. Mr. Priestly's immense vogue shows a general desire for a more extraverted type of fiction; and now Lord David Cecil who in his life of Cowper showed himself to be a critic both sensitive and subtle, writes seven persuasive and enthusiastic essays, which so well convey the peculiar achievement of each of his subjects, and the atmosphere of their various works, that the reader feels he must rush immediately to read or re-read "Bleak House," "Vanity Fair" and all the rest.

In spite of his appreciative attitude the author is in no way blind to the faults of the Victorians. They were diffuse, incoherent and often guilty of falsity to their conception of character. They frequently ignored or sentimentalised the deeper issues of life and the peculiar moral taboos of their age made it impossible to write of sex at all frankly, which, although it does not fill life to the exclusion of all else, as many twentieth century writers appear to believe, yet if ignored completely, results in characters such as Thackeray's "Pendennis" appearing utterly inconsistent and incredible. The genius of all these writers lies in their power of creative imagination. One and all were able to use life as they saw it for the creation of a new world, "to add a country to the geography of the imagination" so that if one met an inhabitant of Dickens-land or Brontë-land one would immediately recognise them.

Although some of the novelists whose works are so justly revalued here may be termed great, the author perfectly realises that none of them, with the exception of Emily Brontë, achieved a novel equal in stature to such masterpieces as "War and Peace" or "Fathers and Children." In the Chapter on "Wuthering Heights" the critic becomes artist. His analysis of this book is a remarkable piece of inspired criticism. Emily Brontë was as strange a phenomenon in her generation as was Blake in the eighteenth century. She alone of the Victorians has the cosmic outlook, and like Shakespeare envisages her characters "in relation to time and eternity, to death and fate and the nature of things." She was a mystic in the highest sense, and the most poetical of the English novelists, with the important difference from other poetical novelists that in her style the poetry is intrinsic, whereas with them it is frequently applied ornament. In a writer of such vision and spiritual power an occasional diffuseness or lack of unity might be forgiven which in the case of social chroniclers like Thackeray and Trollope would seem unpardonable and irritating, yet the peculiar structural perfection of "Wuthering Heights" is such, that as Lord David Cecil points out, she, more than all her contemporaries achieves a perfect unity and truth to her conception. "Style, structure, narrative, there is no aspect of Emily Brontë's craft which does not brilliantly exhibit her genius. The form of 'Wuthering Heights' is as consummate as its subject is sublime. So far

from being the incoherent outpourings of an undisciplined imagination, it is the one perfect work of art amid all the vast varied canvases of Victorian fiction Against the urbanised landscape of Victorian fiction it looms up august and alien, like the only surviving monument of a vanished race."

M. G.

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HENRY V. By J. D. Griffith Davies. London: Arthur Barker, Ltd. 1935. pp. xii + 312. 10s. net.

It is a pity that a scholarly piece of work should be marred by an ill-tempered preface. Mr. Griffith Davies is a militant imperialist, and permits himself a sneer at pacifists. The change in men's outlook since the War (a change which he deplures) he considers as possibly "one of the achievements of the militant pacifists, who have assiduously taught the younger generation to believe that we who fought the war were little better than *mass-murderers*, who against our better judgment prosecuted the work of killing at the command of unscrupulous politicians and armament financiers." It is true that, most inconsistently, he adds a lament that "thousands of gallant fellows, to whom a vote-hunting politician promised a country fit for heroes to live in, are to-day in want of the ordinary necessities of life." Surely any *intelligent* person should have recognized (as some of us whom Mr. Davies despises did recognize) that the war propaganda was, indeed, a ramp designed to benefit the various brands of profiteers, from armament-makers and oil-well magnates to common or garden food-cornerers, and that no politician ever intended to do more for the "heroes" than to use them (or kill them) in the interest of his masters. Any "gallant fellow" who was misguided enough to enter "the struggle from the highest motives of patriotism" was deficient in ordinary intelligence. Of course the profiteers ought to have provided for their unconscious tools; but no sane man can expect that they ever will do anything for anybody that is not forced from them by fear of financial loss or bodily pain.

Mr. Davies might also have spared us his gibe at Lytton Strachey, whose work was fundamentally far more intelligent and profound than Mr. Davies's straightforward and rather superficial imperialistic hero-worship. It is people, like Mr. Davies who, in their childish readiness to be deceived by patriotic clap-trap, make the ramps of politicians possible. According to Mr. Davies, Lytton Strachey maligned Gordon, that noble Victorian hero. I have the misfortune to prefer Strachey's estimate to the popular conception.

Whether Henry V was the "noblest of England's mediaeval kings," I take leave to doubt. He was, like almost all mediaeval kings, a land-grabber. I cannot give especial admiration to an usurper, nor do I care for his exploits in painting the map of France red. Henry V apart from his military exploits seems to me a singularly uninteresting individual. I do not thrill at the name of Agincourt.

But, granted the point of view, Mr. Davies's narrative is lively and accurate and well-written. I confess that I see no reason for calling the quarrel of Armagnac and Burgundy "stupid" and "senseless." It is, however, significant

as showing that patriotism was not then understood as it is to-day. Dynastic and personal ambition were the mainsprings of policy, not the defence of one's country or its integrity or unity or safety. It was simpler and more honest and less dangerous. I doubt if it is accurate to represent Henry V as an English patriot.

I do not like the spelling "Luxemberg" on the fly-leaf map, and should Toul be represented as in the Duchy of Bar?

R.B.

* * * *

IRISH LITERARY PORTRAITS. By John Eglington. Macmillan. London. 5s. net.

John Eglington had the fortunate chance of being a school-fellow of W. B. Yeats, of rambling in country walks with the youthful A.E., of knowing James Joyce in the extremely difficult period of his adolescence, and of being the intimate friend of George Moore, when that brilliant and temperamental person came to live in Dublin. And out of his memories of these important figures in the literary world, including Edward Dowden, he has put together these reminiscences, not primarily intended to be made into a book, but well worthy of permanent form, for they are derived from first-hand knowledge of the writers, and of their work, and are moulded by a mind with a natural capacity for formulating critical judgments.

John Eglington's standards are high. He has derived his idea of patriotism from Thoreau and Wordsworth, and his previous Essays have shown him possessed of a wide range of culture. It is characteristic of his attitude to literature that he should find Yeats "for the most part indifferent to what Matthew Arnold called 'high seriousness,'" and to have "entirely neglected" "the edifying function of literature." While he appreciates and praises A.E.'s poems, because, amongst other reasons, "the best of them are the embodiment and often perfect expression of moral intuitions." And it was apparently this stern, judicial, Puritanical quality of his that made his friendship with George Moore such a thrilling and stimulating, almost intoxicating experience for him. He refers to Yeats' four years in London in early manhood as "the equivalent for him of the four years which most of us have spent . . . in one of the universities." I venture to hazard the opinion that George Moore was more truly John Eglington's University than ever Trinity College was, and that it was due to this tuition that he was saved from the perils of an excessive addiction to the high seriousness of edifying literature.

There is much in these Essays that reveals a penetrating insight on the part of John Eglington, giving him high rank amongst our few fearless critics of national affairs. I respect him for his independent thought and his wide knowledge, and above all, I must admit, I cherish a special regard for him as the Apostle and Prophet of the Anglo-Irish, a people to whom I feel I also belong. This race has so spread itself through Ireland that its language has become native here, and yet differentiated from native English. The whole body of Anglo-Irish literature, say from Swift to Joyce, seems to me to affirm this. And it

is noticeable that Edward Dowden, the most English of the writers studied in this book, felt this also,—about life, at least, if not literature. He writes, "Each time I come to England, it seems newer and more foreign. I think on the whole I am glad to be Anglo-Irish rather than English life is something dreadful in a city like Manchester." John Eglington has striven to show, in some of his previous Essays, that the Irish are indebted in political matters to the Anglo-Irish, for their lead in the matter of national independence. The same thing has happened—I mean the lead—in the sphere of literature, and it is expressed in the remark, in this Essay on Dowden, that W. B. Yeats "crossing over the Pale made Anglo-Irish literature 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.'"

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STORM SONG and A BRIDE FOR THE UNICORN. Two Plays. By Denis Johnston. Jonathan Cape. London. 6s. net.

Mr. Johnston dedicates his book to The Gate Theatre,—“my nursery and my workshop,”—and it is fitting he should do this, for the way The Gate put on “A Bride for the Unicorn,” revealed more of its essence,—of the author’s real intention—than can be found in a perusal of the text. I will admit that I felt in the theatre the impact of an imaginative wielding and impenetration of what seemed an incongruous mass of subject matter. The play came to me more like music than drama, with a vivid kindling of the emotional intensity one feels in the presence of a vital conception, even though handicapped by a sense of groping, as though the author were struggling to reveal something too big for him. Mr. Johnston in this play, and also in “The Old Lady says No,” is striving to put mightier themes on the stage than it has had for a long time. He has imagination, fantasy, satire and realism, and a refreshingly invigorating outlook upon that dreadful thing,—stage technique. These remarks do not apply to the other play in this book, “The Storm Song,” which is of a different calibre. Even here he seems to carry over into this slighter work the fury of his earlier manner, and enough of this lingers here to show that the conventional play is not for him.

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CLAUDIUS THE GOD AND HIS WIFE MESSILINA. By Robert Graves. Arthur Barker. London. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Graves has made a real person out of Claudius, Roman Emperor from A.D. 41 to 45, and the present writer will never see his name mentioned without feeling a personal, intimate, knowledge of the man, entirely derived from this book. There is also conveyed the contrast of the divergent ideas of divinity of Jews and Romans. Claudius became a god, in due course, as his school friend, Herod Agrippa, banteringly told him so often he would. It was the conventional thing to happen to a Roman Emperor at the time, and Claudius, being a man of intellect, explained it to himself on the grounds that a god is created

by worship, and that it is not necessary for the god to have any inherent divine quality. But with Herod Agrippa it was an entirely different matter. He was a Jew, and though an erring one, he had the traditions and beliefs of his race immersed in his being. He allowed himself, through pride and ambition to be proclaimed divine, and he perished in untold anguish and misery from a loathsome disease, incidentally thereby, as Mr. Graves points out, relieving the Roman Empire from a serious threatened military menace. Mr. Graves does not suggest any theories about these matters. He merely presents them as he has gathered them from his voluminous perusal of contemporary records of the period. And it would be unwise for a mere reviewer to add any comment.

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NOTED IRISH LIVES. John Mitchel, by Louis J. Walsh. Thomas Davis, by J. M. Hone. W. B. Yeats, by J. H. Pollock. Talbot Press. 2s. 6d. each.

This Talbot Press series falls between two stools. The books, made obviously to a general plan and limited in size, are too small to admit of adequate treatment of their subjects and too large to admit of a really satisfactory outline sketch. In the result, they are satisfactory neither as lives nor as outlines. The authors have done their best, but the only thing that can be said about them is that they have not succeeded.

Of these three Dr. Pollock's book on Mr. Yeats' is the best, but it is not a life. It consists of remarks and appraisements on Mr. Yeats as poet, and in any case one feels tempted to ask what the Devil Mr. Yeats is doing amongst *Noted Irish Lives*. He is, happily, still with us, and still vigorous.

Dr. Pollock has struggled manfully against the limitations imposed on him, and he has written an interesting book, but it is far from being a good or a satisfying book. Its effect is fragmentary. It is more a gathering of chapters on various phases of Mr. Yeats' poetry than a real study of him, and it certainly is not in any sense a life, and my advice to Dr. Pollock would be to sit down and do a real full length study of his subject. But such as it is certain observations on some things in the book may be set down.

Dr. Pollock accepts Mr. Yeats as a national poet, which is an act of courage so rare in the politico-religious atmosphere to which he belongs as to be noted with high commendation. It is true that he gives weight in his consideration of this to reasons which are of less importance than he imagines. The fact that he wrote "Cathleen Ni Houlihan" and that he has at all times written in general support of "our traditional political aspirations" do not make him a national poet. These make a nationalist poet. It takes very much more to make a national poet. That particular point, however, I hope to deal with in another place.

In other matters Dr. Pollock is a bit too superior. References to "the buffooneries of *Professor Tim*" and the "twopence coloured melodrama of *Juno*" seem to denote a failure to appreciate certain fundamentals of the dramatic art, as does a reproof to Shakespeare, for introducing humour into his tragedies.

While, in considering Mr. Yeats' plays as plays Dr. Pollock nods. They are not plays merely, they are primarily poetry and their mould and characteristics are poetry. Spoken verse their author termed them, I think, in his first attempts, and spoken verse they remain. Even *The Words Upon the Window Pane*, which has the form of prose, is poetry, passionate, intense and terrible poetry.

After asking himself one silly question "Can it be that William Butler Yeats is, like Parnell and Swift, a Planter in outlook after all, and to the end" [He does not answer his own question, the answer to which, the only printable one, is *Fiddlesticks*] Dr. Pollock, taking advantage of a couple of lines of Mr. Yeats' own, places him "with Landor and with Donne." To which I only want to say that Mr. Yeats is a poet of genius, and neither Landor nor Donne is. His place is in the front rank of great poets, and in the poetry of his own time—from the Collected Poems of 1895 onwards—he towers majestically alone.

P. S. O'H.

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IRISH SWORDSMEN OF FRANCE. By Richard Hayes. Gill. 15s.

Dr. Hayes deals here, briefly, with the lives and careers of Six Irish soldiers of rank in the French service in the eighteenth century, growing naturally out of his previous excellent book *Ireland and Irishmen in the French Revolution*.

These six can hardly be regarded as typical of the Irish soldiers of that period in one particular at any rate. Of the six only two escaped violent death at the hands of the French. Theobald Dillon was murdered by the mob at Lille, Arthur Dillon, Lally, and O'Moran were executed. Kilmaine narrowly escaped execution, and died in 1799 before the wheel could come round again, Richard Warren alone had honours, and ease in his old age, and he died in 1775 long before the Revolution unloosed the mob.

Kilmaine and Lally were the most notable of these wild geese. Kilmaine was a very good cavalry general, who served with distinction in the revolutionary wars, and was marked out for further promotion when he died. He was Tone's friend, and tried to induce the French Government to intervene on his behalf when Tone was taken prisoner. Dr. Hayes prints the letter he wrote to the government, which was, however, ignored.

Lally played his part on a large field, and was the most notable of those with whom the book deals. He was the man of the hour at Fontenoy, and, afterwards, nearly changed world history in India. Dr. Hayes blames the local French authorities in India for not co-operating with him. But in truth he had a temper, and was difficult to co-operate with. And he had the misfortune to be up against Clive and Coote, two of the best soldiers of their day.

Dr. Hayes will, I hope, pursue those studies of his. And I suggest he should turn his attention to an Irish soldier in the French service who was something more than that—to Arthur O'Connor, many documents in regard to whom he must have come across in his researches for his two books. Arthur O'Connor has never been adequately portrayed, and he would be worth doing. Thomas

Addis Emmet disliked him, and on the strength of some petulant words of Emmet's doubt has at times been thrown on O'Connor. It would be a holy and a wholesome deed to set down his stormy and virile career and place him in relation to his epoch—the epoch of the United Irishmen.

P. S. O'H.

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PORTRAIT AND SKETCHES. By Denis Ireland. Vortex Press, Belfast. Price 3s. 6d.

Denis Ireland has achieved a series of intriguing stories in his "Portraits and Sketches." The author has probably rejected "stories" as just the word but then "Portraits and Sketches" is not adequate either. The truth is it would be no easy task to fix in a phrase that would fit these well trapped flashes.

The first study, "Portrait of a Grand-Uncle," is an affair of two short paragraphs, thirty-eight lines in all, but by the time you have read it a sense of the fine quality of the work has been stirred. Most readers will then read through the whole series at a sitting; skimming "Mackeral" perhaps and wonder what else has come from this penetrating pen.

And many, like me, will remember that Mr. Ireland is a Belfast man and that Belfast has us all bothered; I'm not thinking either of religion or politics. Belfast has never come clearly into view as neighbour to the whole island. Belfast folk have a strange way of living within dark minds whereas the rest of us live our innocent lives out in the open for all to see! Nothing would help to make Belfast neighbour to us all so much as to have leading minds light up and reveal to us how they see the world.

Denis Ireland will be neighbour to everybody who read these studies. For myself I shall regret to my dying day that I did not share his "Conversation in a London Restaurant."

PEADAR O'DONNELL.

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LOVE POEMS. By W. H. Davies. Cape. 3s. 6d. net.

The innocence of this poet's vision and the apparently effortless music of his lyrics inevitably recall Herrick. The subjects of his verse are the same—love and women, flowers and birds; his is not a wide range, but within their limits the poems are often perfect and have the touching appeal of a daisy or a nestling. As in the case of A. E. Houseman the bare simplicity of the metres and language veil an astonishing compressive skill which must have taken a lifetime of poetic toil to attain. Although there is nothing in this little volume as fine as his earlier poem, "The Kingfisher," there is scarcely a lyric which is not remarkable for its musical phrasing or for some unexpected and arresting image, the fruit of an unusually acute observation of natural phenomena. Most of these poems sing of Love's beauty and joy, but like every other poet

who has offered homage to Aphrodite, Mr. Davies knows that to be in love is to realise most completely the ultimate tragedy.

"Seek not to know Love's full extent,
For death, not Life, must measure Love;
Not till one lover's dead and gone
Is Love made strong enough to prove.
What woman, with a ghostly lover,
Can hold a mirror to her hair?
A man can tell his love with tears,
When but a woman's ghost is there.
—Our greatest meeting is to come,
When either you or I are lost:
When one, being left alone in tears,
Confesses to the other's ghost."

M. G.

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NEW PATHWAYS IN SCIENCE. By Sir Arthur Eddington. (Messenger Lectures, 1934). Pp. X + 333 + 4 plates. (Cambridge: University Press, 1935). 10s. 6d. net.

The expectations inevitably aroused by the announcement of a new work by Sir Arthur Eddington have been amply fulfilled by the present book, *New Pathways in Science*, which came from the press just too late for notice in the last issue of this magazine.

Here will again be recognised the distinguished author's inimitable charm of style, with its air of taking his readers into his confidence and inviting them to share in exciting adventures in the realm of scientific discovery and speculation. Sir Arthur's happy gift of apt and often whimsically humorous metaphor and simile to illustrate some mathematical point or highly abstract concept is here exemplified on many a page. One may instance, as an example, his use of a well-known advertisement: "That's Shell—that was!!" to preface Chapter 5, on Indeterminacy and Quantum Theory, which, as the context shows, is very much to the point.

The subjects dealt with range from the latest developments in nuclear physics and wave mechanics to the constitution of the stars, the cosmic cloud, and mathematical models of the expanding universe. Diverse as these topics appear, Sir Arthur's main theme is to show the interconnection between them all. As might be expected, the decline of deterministic schemes in mathematical physics is discussed at some length. As the metaphysical implications that have been assumed, rightly or wrongly, to follow from his well-known views on this topic have aroused a storm of controversy, not only amongst his scientific confrères, but also amongst philosophers, a whole lecture is devoted to answering some of the objections of his critics.

One of the most remarkable chapters in the book is the one entitled "The Constants of Nature," for the inclusion of which the author, in fact, apologizes on the grounds of its difficulty. But as it deals with a highly original theory on

the investigation of which he has devoted his great mathematical powers and much time and thought for the last six years, it could not very well be left out.

Frankly it must be admitted that such a remarkable unification and syntheses in the domain of mathematical physics, with its complete specification of the universe in its quantitative aspects, seemingly derived from purely formal mathematical considerations, imposes a considerable strain on the powers of comprehension. It seems almost too good to be true! Sir Arthur, indeed, boldly treads strange new pathways, where even few of his brother scientists care to follow him. Perhaps his evident affection for the works of the author of "Through the Looking Glass" may allow him to sympathise with those of his readers who may think it advisable to follow the Red Queen's advice to Alice and practise, as she did, half-an-hour a day at believing impossible things as a preliminary course! The author himself, on page 219, quotes another of the Queen's remarks as offering a parallel to a seemingly paradoxical result arising from the theory of the expanding universe.

Sir Arthur arrives, by two independent methods, (pp. 221-250), at the astonishing result that the total number of particles (protons and electrons) in the universe is of the order of 10^{79} : i.e., 1, followed by 79 zeros! This remarkable estimate appears, in fact, in an earlier book by Sir Arthur*, where, however, he does not mind quoting Professor Herbert Dingle's amusing summary of his theory:

"He thought he saw electrons swift
 Their charge and mass combine.
 He looked again and saw it was
 The cosmic sounding line.
 'Their population then,' said he,
 'Must be 10^{79} .'"

Undoubtedly these fantastic theoretical extrapolations from the observational evidence must be accepted with a certain amount of reserve. It is as well to remember that we are here dealing with purely mathematical cosmological models, in which, too, the initial data are necessarily simplified. A homogeneous distribution of matter throughout the universe has, for example, to be postulated to make the problem even workable. Also there are various alternative models that have been proposed as to the relative merits of which no final pronouncements can safely be made.

It may be assumed that such constructs are less likely to throw light on any ultimate metaphysical question than to present the philosopher and epistemologist with interesting considerations as to the inner nature of mathematical reasoning and its real scope and limitations.

Although a certain air of unreality seems to pervade some of the findings of the distinguished author of this book, as must indeed necessarily be the case where our common-sense perceptions appear to be ultimately only describable in terms of tensors and matrices and "probability" (in its mathematical significance), it must not be forgotten that such recondite theoretical speculations are based on long and painstaking observations and research, and in their turn may suggest

* "The Expanding Universe" (1933).

fruitful problems to the laboratory worker, and clues to the understanding of hitherto unexplainable phenomena.

Sir Arthur Eddington's preeminence as a mathematician and his lasting contributions to the science of astrophysics naturally preclude any hasty dismissal of his theory of the link between the observed rate of recession of the extra-galactic nebulae (from which he derives the value of the cosmical constant) and the metrical relations holding in the inner structure of the atom, as being without serious foundation.

Eight years ago, in his well-known Gifford Lectures, "The Nature of the Physical World" he gave the following advice: "It would probably be wiser to nail up over the door of the new quantum theory a notice, 'Structural alterations in progress—No admittance except on business', and particularly to warn the doorkeeper to keep out prying philosophers." While it is to be feared that the author's own writings have given considerable encouragement to the latter and particularly to amateurs in this field, no doubt he would urge the wisdom of his earlier injunctions even more strongly in the case of his own latest and far-reaching speculations.

Whether or not the time is ripe for full assent to be given to scientific views of such remarkable daring and originality as are outlined in the present book, there can be no questioning that its appearance is a noteworthy event. Such is the ease and lucidity of Sir Arthur's style, however, that a fear may be expressed—to adopt his own comment elsewhere on Schrödinger's wave mechanics—that his own theory will enjoy no small popularity partly because it is, in appearance only "simple enough to be misunderstood."

B. L. J.

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NEW FICTION.

RIPENESS IS ALL. By Eric Linklater. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE HOUSE I MADE. By Margaret O'Leary. Cape. 7s. 6d.

LITTLE TALES. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Secker. 5s.

SPRING IN TARTARUS. By Michael Harrison. Barker. 7s. 6d.

THE APPLE OF CONCORD. By Richard Church. Dent. 7s. 6d.

SAINT EUSTACE AND THE ALBATROSS. By Desmond Ryan. Barker. 7s. 6d.

BLIND GUNNER. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP. By Thorne Smith. Barker. 7s. 6d.

MURDER IN BLACK. By Francis Grierson. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Eric Linklater has so many of the gifts which go to make a good novelist—invention, gusto, wit, observation, a capacity for malice—that it is a pity that in his new novel he shows that his taste is an imperfect quality. We all know that jumping off point of the fiction writer: a collection of relatives, described in detail, listening to the recital of the will of a very rich, but also very eccentric testator. The condition in this case, as laid down by the deceased, Major Gander,

is that the major part of his estate shall go "to whichever of the late Jonathan Gander's progeny shall, five years from now, have become the parent, whether father or mother, of the greatest number of children born in holy wedlock."

Thus the title, which seems a silly twist to give Shakespeare's :

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
Ripeness is all.

But though another name might have been preferable it would not have rendered sweeter Mr. Linklater's lapse in making a comedy from matter which does not naturally lend itself to that purpose. There is nothing intrinsically funny in child-birth : if there had been the old music hall, which has so richly endowed any mention of kippers, landladies, lodgers, mothers-in-law and Wigan, would have found it out long since. Mr. Linklater thus starts with a severe handicap to write what might have otherwise been an hilarious enough farce. And the story never recovers from this handicap even though it contains such good things as the attitude of one of the contestants in the Marathon towards a presumably unmarried relative :

"Poor George," she said, with a kind smile and a tremulous movement of her thyroid cartilage. "I don't believe that he's really wicked, you know, he's only weak. And how he must be suffering now! Because this will bring home to him how terribly he has wasted his life. If he had been sensible, and married and settled down, he might be as happy as we are, and be in a position to benefit by poor Uncle John's will. The wild nomadic life he leads isn't natural, and in the long run I'm sure that beachcombing—well, he isn't a beachcomber, of course, but he's that kind of a person—I'm sure they become very embittered."

"The House I Made" is the most interesting book on my list for the reason that it is one of the few Irish novels to give an authentic picture of the life of the peasant farmer and his problems. Here is a novel by a new writer which contains neither the alarums of political troubles, nor any of the wash of that apparently particularly grim sea which menaces the west of Ireland from Donegal to Kerry. But there is a quiet impressiveness of detail about Justin Hayes and his family and friends, which compensates for the lack of obvious drama. Justin's daughter, Mary, has been courted for eight years ; her sweetheart turns impatient, and so, since Justin has his financial troubles, makes imperative another marriage, this time a made-marriage bringing in a dowry, between one of his sons and the bouncing hoyden, Joan. The later part of the book ending with the old man's death is not so good ; Miss O'Leary builds up ramifications of unnecessary obscurity. But she shows a capacity for clear-sighted observation, and a lack of squeamishness in portrayal which should make her next book definitely important.

"When at the beginning of 1933 my house in Berlin was searched by the National Socialists and nearly all my manuscripts, as well as those entrusted to me by friends in other countries, were destroyed, I thought the time had come to collect those of my shorter stories which I could still lay hands on." The conciseness of this statement is reflected in the stories which follow, for Dr.

Feuchtwanger has the not very characteristic Teutonic virtue for saying what he has to say briefly and clearly. The first sketch, *Marianne in India*, an episode in the life of Warren Hastings, illustrates this quality of condensation, but perhaps the best thing in the book is the story of the unexpected death at an out of season resort of a famous old German poet. Here is a satiric commentary on the way things happen, done with the deftness of a fine craftsman.

Proceeding to Mr. Harrison's novel, "Spring in Tartarus," we are still presumably among the writers whose fundamental intention is serious, that is to say among authors who take themselves seriously as more than mere story tellers and entertainers. Mr. Harrison, one would imagine, is a very young man who has read most of the latest novels, including the earlier works of Mr. Michael Arlen, with absorption, and has then gone gallantly ahead to interpret again youth and love in terms of literature. We start well: his hero is named Tancred, and having come into a legacy of three thousand pounds he meets the heroine, Lady Bianca when first we see her strolling along Barchester High Street is arrayed "in all the careless elegance of brown tweed." Following her into the *Red Lion* he hears that her laugh is "as clean and bold as her walk." Tancred who is "of a lean and graceful strength" promptly takes up the challenge, and through page after page we read of their conversations, their embraces, and their drinks, which bring us from Barchester to the Island of Sicurta, to the exact moment indeed when Tancred, having spent all his money, suggests to her that she lends him his fare back to England, and so to the writing of the great book which has occupied the rear part of his attention. Bianca finds this unreasonable, but their idyll, for want of a worse word, does not terminate till on nearly the last page Tancred discovers that "he had followed not a glory but its shadow," and "There was more for him than philandering in this jade's bedroom." The discovery is somewhat long in coming, but if garrulity implies promise "Spring in Tartarus" is full of promise. It is also very strange society to which we are introduced in Mr. Richard Church's interesting novel. The hero who himself after disillusioning experiences is more than a trifle neurotic arrives in Paris as secretary to an American financier. Most of his new friends are accustomed to express themselves violently either by screaming, or bursting into tears or indulging in physical manifestations of dislike. One lady after giving an admirer a ringing smack across the cheek with her gloved hand does try to kiss the place to make it well. But then, she "pushed him from her so violently that he staggered. His eyes were dark with silent rage, and he could find nothing to say." Afterwards she is so annoyed about her split glove that "she seized his pocket, rammed the gloves into it, stamped her foot, and ran out of the room."

This lady is a comparatively sober and mild individual, so we are not surprised when the book closes with one of the most 'powerful' if also one of the most unconvincing murders which have been thrust into fiction.

His publishers think very highly of Mr. Desmond Ryan's third book. They tell us that it "is quite unlike anything that has ever been written. It is brilliant and mad—a laughing *tour de force* and a compelling exercise of ingenuity, humour and high spirits, such as we have not seen since Rabelais." This is considerable praise, but it is only fair to quote it, as the present reviewer who has the limitations of a direct and perhaps unduly prosaic mind, can only see eye to eye with Messrs. Barker in their first quoted sentence. One gathers,

not without difficulty, that the main scene is a tavern in Bloomsbury in which such names as Detective-Inspector Pilkington, the Colonel, Tom Pepperpipe, Armand, Sid Glawp, The Demure Lady, an exiled Sinn Feiner, and so on, meet and have their odd being. And have their wit, good fellowship and puckish prankishness much insisted upon, whether apparent or not. It all reads like an elaborate joke, eked out with eloquence, or wordiness, to which one either has the key or not. Mine is missing.

It is something of a relief to turn to books whose authors do not come to us in any portentous manner. Mr. Croft-Cooke is a new writer to me, but even without the list of his published works, it is easy to place him as an experienced and efficient craftsman. In "Blind Gunner" he gives us not only an exciting story, certainly the most readable discussed here, but a story planned by a detached and mature mind with a nice appreciation of human realities. It is the story of a revolution in a South American State, a revolution brought about by the whim of its President, Torriente, who is bored and satiated with the policy of suppression and killings by which he has maintained a tolerably beneficent and popular rule. The conspirators, the mob, the gypsy girl whose passion is so swiftly converted from hate to love for the ageing Dictator she has been taught to regard as a tyrant, the Englishwoman, who remains from first to last no more and no less than an Englishwoman, Torriente's supporters and advisers, all these protagonists move not as puppets, but as the natural order of things impels. The result is a well balanced and extremely satisfying story.

"Topper Takes A Trip" belongs to a much lighter genre. Apparently Topper, a pleasant little American with a not very attractive wife, has had adventures before with some jovial spirit friends. The entertainment is made up of the embarrassments and delights afforded by their occasional complete or partial materialisation. Topper's favourite is the attractive Marion Kerby, the delights of whose company are minimised by the watchful spirit husband. "Murder in Black" since it is by a master of detective yarns, Mr. Francis Grierson, needs no special encomium. One has a certain weakness for the mystery in which one guesses the identity of the master criminal from the beginning; but, for the rest, this is a well knit affair of crooks, moneylenders, gallant captains, night club hostesses and smooth voiced courteous detectives with a taste for vintage wine.

NORAH HOULT.

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BRITISH MERCHANT SHIPS. By Pay Lieut. E. C. Talbot-Booth, R.N.R. (Rich and Cowan).

This book which is produced in a most luxurious fashion is reminiscent in its encyclopaedic thoroughness of that Standard Annual Book of Reference of the "Silent Service," Jane's Fighting Ships.

The present work which deals exclusively with the British Merchant Service, contains exhaustive particulars and for the most part illustrations to scale of the ships of the British Merchant Service ranging from comparatively insignificant cargo steamer of some 700 tons to the recently completed "Queen Mary" of 73,000 tons. The illustrations, of which there are 668, are all drawn to a scale

of 150 feet to one inch and underneath the drawing of each particular vessel full particulars of tonnage, both gross and net, dimensions, type of engines, date and name of builders are given. Needless to say all the vessels of a particular line are not illustrated but the principal liners are given, and where a ship has a number of sister ships full particulars of these are given while only illustrating the principal one of the class or type.

After the illustrations of the principal ships follow a complete list of shipping companies in alphabetical order with a full list of the vessels owned by each company together with particulars as to date of construction, etc. There is an index towards the end of this work which contains the names of about two thousand seven hundred ships, and a very useful chapter is devoted to a comprehensive explanation of all the technical terms used in the book which to the lay reader is most illuminating.

Pay Lieut. Talbot Booth is to be commended on producing a work which is surely unique and that must have necessarily involved a vast amount of research work, and, as he says in the foreword, "whilst it has been a labour of love it has not been a light task single-handed."

The published price of one guinea is most reasonable for so complete a book of reference, but, unfortunately, such a sum will have the effect of curtailing its sale to the children to whom its colour will make a certain appeal.

ROBERT O'DOHERTY.

Obituary.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Shan Bullock died recently at the age of 69, far away from *Lismahee* and *Bunn Town* and *Thrasna River*. Born in County Fermanagh, he entered the Civil Service in London, and his life was spent there. He achieved success, as a civil servant and as a writer, but the nostalgia of exile was always with him, and I think he always, in his inmost heart, doubted whether he would not have been happier amongst the *Loughsiders*.

His first book was a book of short stories *The Awkward Squads*, 1893, and his last book of fiction was *The Loughsiders*, 1924, an Irish translation of which has just been published by the Gúm. All his work was careful and faithful, and he is in the front rank of those who have essayed to portray Irish character. He was both romantic and realistic, never afraid of either a sentiment, or an emotion, or a hardness, as the occasion seemed to call for. And his books may be recommended with confidence to the present generation, to whom he is probably not even a name. We have few collections of short stories as good as *Ring O Rushes* (1896), few novels as good as *By Thrasna River* (1895), *The Squireen* (1903) and *Dan the Dollar* (1905). He wrote three competent novels of London life, of which *Robert Thorne* (1907) is the best, and a revealing autobiography *After Sixty Years* (1930). I think his spirit will stay not far from Bunn Town, and Lismahee and the Lough.

F. A. FAHY.

F. A. Fahy, who has also died recently, at the age of 80, was a Pioneer. Born in Kinvara, he went to London as a civil servant and lived all his life there. His songs, *Little Mary Cassidy*, *The Ould Plaid Shawl*, *Galway Bay* and *The Donovans*, are known all over the world wherever Irish people foregather. He wrote a large number of other songs and poems, most of which were collected in *Irish Songs and Poems* (1887) and is one of the raciest and truest of Irish song writers, with a true rhyming facility. In the early days of the Irish Revival he did ten men's work, being one of the founders, with W. P. Ryan, John T. Kelly and D. J. O'Donoghue, of the *Southwark Irish Literary Club*, which grew into the *Irish Literary Society* and out of which, more or less, grew the London Gaelic League. He was President of the latter for as long as he could be induced to accept the office, and the most familiar and best loved figure at its gatherings for many years.

EIMAR O'DUFFY

Eimar O'Duffy died recently, in England, after an operation, before his talent had come to anything like full fruition. Poet, novelist, dramatist, his talent was many sided, and his future as a writer was certain, though its precise direction was uncertain. His novel *The Wasted Island* (1919) is one of the best of modern Irish novels. It is a young man's book, full of the tumultuousness of the times, full of things he had experienced and felt, full of actuality. It contains too faithful a portrayal of some of the 1916 leaders, and too faithful a portrayal of the seething pot out of which the Rising came, to be popular, but it will come into its own in time. His second novel *Printers' Errors* (1920) is one for which I have a great affection, though the purists sniff at it. It is a light satirical comedy of love and laughter, with excellent character drawings, and deserves a wider circulation. His trilogy *King Goshawk and the Birds* and its sequel made his name known to a wider Public, though it did not quite come off, and he has also written a couple of minor Irish novels, a couple of treatises on money, and some pot-boiling detective novels. Before he died he had completed a long serious novel, to the appearance of which one looks forward.

But his metier was satire, and I think, had he had the chance of writing leisurely and unworriedly, he would have become a very considerable satirical dramatist. It remains a reproach to the Irish Theatre, that neither *The Walls of Athens* nor *Bricriu's Feast* has yet been presented on the ordinary stage.

P. S. O'H.